

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

The Cross

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

L'Action Française

BY DENIS GWYNN

Lobsters and Souls

BY B. J. MURDOCH

The Passionists in China

Vol. 6, No. 6

January, 1927

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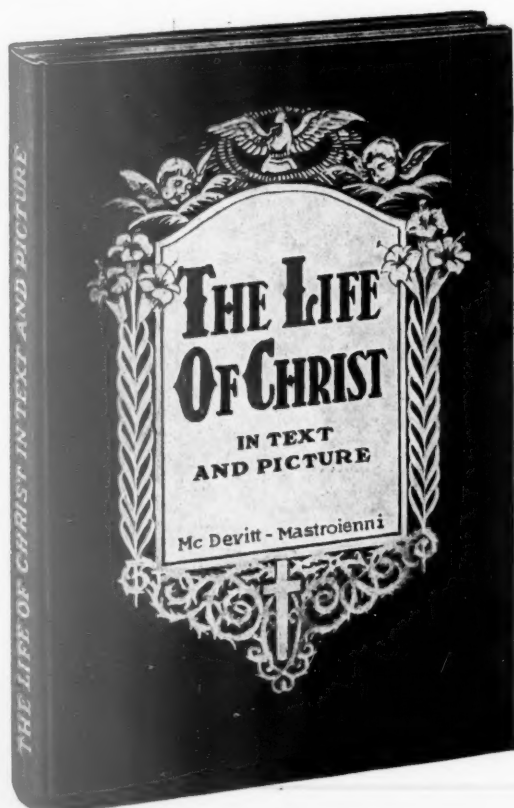
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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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Loyalty: A New Year Resolution for all American Catholics

To the READERS of THE SIGN:

My Dear Friends:

I suppose that you will make some resolutions for 1927; and I suppose also that these will concern chiefly your own personal spiritual needs and faults. Probably you'll break these resolutions; but you should make them, nevertheless. For there is a value in even broken resolutions—the value of recognizing your need of them.

Now I propose that you make what might be called a public resolution—public in that it concerns your external conduct as American Citizens. And the resolution is this: I WILL STAND UP LOYALLY AND UNFLINCHINGLY FOR MY CIVIL RIGHTS AS AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.


There is a sad necessity for all American Catholics to make such a resolution and to keep it. Unfortunately, we must admit that millions of our countrymen (and not foreign-born either) need to be Americanized. These seem to be ignorant of what justice and fair-play mean when it comes to applying them to Catholics as citizens.

We have been deluded into believing that this ignorance was confined to those who follow the lead of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church. But when we read the bigoted views of a United States Senator; when we see a Protestant Bishop dragging the American flag into the discussion of a purely religious question; when we listen to the lying diatribes of a radio station dedicated to intolerance, calumny and hate, it is time for us to realize that our civil rights will be invaded and destroyed unless we defend and maintain them.

The trouble with us American Catholics is that we have been too patient. Our patience has become criminal. We are Catholics. We are Americans. As Catholics we believe in the spiritual jurisdiction of Pope Pius XI. As Americans we believe in the civil jurisdiction of President Coolidge. Let us prove by our loyalty to the Church our loyalty to the State. But let us never forget that as American citizens we are fully entitled to certain inalienable rights guaranteed us by our Constitution.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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Volume Six

January, 1927

Number Six

Current Fact and Comment

Today's Horoscope

TODAY'S planetary aspects are quite favorable for beginning the day with prayer. Curious but true; the star that appeared many years ago to The Wise Men of the East is again visible to the eyes of faith, and is leading multitudes to the Infant King in daily Mass. You will show your wisdom, and increase your stock of that virtue by following this star.

During the day it will not be only safe but politic to start on a journey; or, rather to realize you have started. There is a very successful trip ahead of you with a very delightful ending, if you follow the Sinai Highway. You can't miss it. There are sign-posts all along the way—The Ten Commandments. The Highway is under the supervision of the oldest and most efficient Travelers Aid Society in the world—The Catholic Church; in fact, the only one that speaks with authority about your journey to eternity. You will find the Highway well provided with the excellent service stations of Prayer and the Sacraments.

Children born today will, if baptized, be heirs to the kingdom of Heaven. A parochial school education later on will help them greatly to attain their inheritance. They are apt to be fretful, disobedient, and even criminal in their mature years, if neglected in their early years.

If today is your birthday, it is the anniversary of the start you got to carry out a great plan of God on your behalf. The day is favorable for self-examination to see how far you have coop-

erated. You show a tendency to a confusion about yourself. Your self-assertion is not half so pleasing to anybody as it is to yourself. Your quick discernment of the faults of others does not make you a good judge of character. It merely shows a defect in your own. Your speed in rushing to your defense is not self-respect; it is self-love. Your emotional nature will secure a host of friends, if it prompts you to think as much of the happiness of others as you do of your own.

Your ability to pay your debts is largely due to the desire to live within your means. Your home life is destined for much tranquility in proportion to your growing knowledge of the kitchen stove, and your increasing ignorance of the delicatessen counter.

If this is not your birthday, this horoscope is good just the same. In fact, it will do for any day.

The Last Laugh

SOME effort should be made to repair an injustice done to a prominent citizen of England. For years, Dean Inge has been "advertised" in the public prints as "the Gloomy Dean." Readers who never bothered to find out the causes of the Dean's gloom must have had a weird mental picture of this worthy person—a lugubrious figure, sadly and sorrowfully sighing over a dismal and hopeless world.

All this is untrue and unjust. The very oppo-

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site is the true picture of the good man. Quite recently, Arthur Brisbane, "the philosopher of optimism and sound investments," quotes his denial of "eternal torment." "It is strange," says the dismal Dean, "men ever believed that God, Whom Christ came to reveal, is an implacable torturer."

It is thus evident that he is a jolly good fellow, rollicking through life, care-free and unconcerned, the very embodiment of the spirit of comedy. To him, sin must be a joke: sins, even the vilest, are just the mischievous pranks of children. He seems to have discovered that what we all thought was the world's greatest tragedy—the Tragedy of Calvary—was a great comedy, nay even a farce; a very comedy of errors. The Cross is, indeed, "foolishness" if there is no eternal Hell. Eternal Wisdom stultified Himself, if sin is not an evil with eternal consequences.

The Gloomy Dean needs to be reminded that "the Word of the Cross" is, indeed, foolishness, but, as St. Paul says, only "to them that perish." This blasphemous comedian must remember the homely proverb: "He that laughs last, laughs best." And the last laugh, according to Holy Scripture, belongs to God—a truly terrible laugh, an awful introduction to that horrendous state, an everlasting Hell: "I also will laugh in your destruction and will mock when that shall come to you which you feared." (Prov. 1/26.)

Manning is Amazed

DR. WILLIAM T. MANNING, Episcopalian Bishop of New York, is amazed! The reason for this amazement is the reported annulment of the marriage of the Duke of Marlborough, and the occasion on which he showed this amazement was the dedication of the new tower of the church of St. James. The theme of his discourse for the tower dedication was, "Witnessing for Christ." "And one of the ways," said the Bishop, "in which our witnessing for Christ is called for today is in regard to the sacredness and permanence of marriage." "It seems incredible to me," the Bishop stated later, "that the Roman Catholic Church which takes so strong a position against divorce should show such discrimination in favor of the Duke of Marlborough." And again, "It would be a serious thing indeed, and most dangerous in its implications if the Roman Catholic Church should claim the right to annul a marriage such as this, which was entered into in en-

tire good faith, which resulted in the birth of two children, and which was accepted as binding by both parties to it for many years."

The Bishop is at liberty to be amazed on any or all occasions, provided his amazement does not give breath to such ridiculous chatter as is contained in the above statements.

But is not the Bishop a little delirious in his amazement? He must have heard of many cases of annulment of so-called marriages. He certainly must know that an annulment is nothing new to either civil or ecclesiastical courts. Provided a valid impediment against the union be clearly proven, any apparent marriage can be declared null at any time, whether it be the marriage of a duke or a dervish. A decision of annulment does not mean the severing of a marriage bond; it is simply a declaration that such a bond never existed.

Can the Bishop's amazement be due to lack of historical knowledge? His study of history should caution him to postpone his amazement at the action of the Church in the Marlborough case. Is not this the same Church that championed the cause of one Catherine of Aragon against a certain King Hal with the result that a whole nation was lost to that Church? If the Roman Catholic Church had shown the same discrimination to Henry VIII that, the Bishop intimates, must have been shown to the Duke of Marlborough, then the Protestant Bishop of New York would not be worrying about making a statement for "the diocese in which the marriage took place." For there would not be any such church as the Protestant Episcopal Church, much less would there be the Protestant Episcopal Bishop Manning.

The Bishop's amazement is not the result of logical reasoning. He says that the marriage of the Duke was "entered into in entire good faith," which, of course, begs the question. Again, in what Christian country, or in what Christian creed does the fact that, because a marriage "resulted in the birth of two children," it is, for that reason, a true marriage? And surely the Bishop knows better when he implies that a marriage is valid because it is "accepted as binding by both parties to it for many years."

Amazed or not amazed, the Right Reverend Bishop can be sure of this: that the wise old Church of Rome, "which takes so strong a position against divorce" will always "witness for Christ . . . in regard to the sacredness and the

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permanence of marriage." And this also he may be certain of, that the Church of God does not act or speak precipitantly as did the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York; and that she, who has had the experience of dealing with many dukes and duchesses, will not be led into a false or an unwarranted position by the Duke or the Duchess of Marlborough.

The Faith of Our Mothers

A MEMORANDUM in which they claim the right to retain their nationality on marriage to foreigners has been sent by the National Council of the Women of Ireland to the Irish Free State delegates to the Imperial Conference. Sixteen nations are reported to have already granted this right. Whether or not the right shall be granted, we know that the Irish women will not change their religion, and their marriage to foreigners will preserve and extend the Catholic Faith. We hear much of the Faith of Our Fathers. What is far more vital and energetic is the Faith of Our Mothers.

Bishop M. J. Hoban

IN AN especial manner do the Passionist Fathers regret the passing of their kind friend and benefactor, the Rt. Rev. Michael J. Hoban. In his death the Church has sustained a distinct loss and the diocese of Scranton has been bereft of a good and faithful shepherd.

Bishop Hoban was a sterling character. Gifted by nature and grace with many fine qualities, he endeared himself to all. Gentle, mild, affable, self-sacrificing, in every word and work he stood forth as a true Christian gentleman whom Rome honored and Scranton loved.

If one virtue more than any other was prominent in his daily life it was his charity. Paraphrasing the words of St. Paul we may say of him: His charity was patient, kind; it envied not; it dealt not perversely; it was not puffed up. No one was too poor or wretched or so unknown as to be denied an interview with the Bishop. He saw every one; listened patiently to all; advised and helped to the best of his ability. His Christ-like charity towards priest and layman alike was apparent on every occasion. Daily he showed in his life the characteristic virtue of the Good Shepherd.

Bishop Hoban's long toil in the vineyard of the Lord was blest with abundant fruit. His forty years as a priest and his thirty years as a Bishop saw him actively engaged in every worthy cause. Of a studious disposition, he lent his every effort to the fostering of educational institutes in his diocese. Often he was called upon to take the part of the arbitrator in labor disputes and was regarded as an authority on social questions. He took an active interest in all problems of public welfare and was keenly on the lookout for anything that would benefit his people in body or soul, materially or spiritually.

The diocese of Scranton was not the horizon of the Bishop's world in the great business of the salvation of souls. He invited the Passionists to found a monastery of their Order in his diocese, helped them in erecting it and encouraged them in their work in the mission field. A true successor of the apostles his desire for the salvation of souls was catholic in its vision. He heartily coöperated with the founder of Maryknoll in establishing its first preparatory college, now a thriving institution dedicated to the little French martyr, Theophane Venard.

We bespeak the prayers of our readers for the repose of the soul of Bishop Hoban. May he rest in peace.

The Mexican Crisis

THE strained relations between the United States and Mexico portend a crisis. The fact that at present there is a quarrel between the Catholic Church and the Mexican Government has lead some to believe that this quarrel has much to do with the attitude of our Government towards Mexico. We would like to believe that the United States should protest against the inhuman and uncivilized war being waged by the Calles-Obregon Party on the Church; but we know that if the ending of that war is to depend upon American intervention it has a long time to run.

Behind the crisis is neither the interests of the Catholic Church nor the principles of the Monroe Doctrine. Behind the crisis are the interests of certain influential Americans and American corporations.

What interests? The Standard Oil interests, the Morgan interests, the Guggenheim interests, the Cole-Ryan interests, the Kuhn-Loeb interests,

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and some few others. These individuals and corporations own from one-fourth to one-third of the entire national wealth of Mexico.

If our Government interferes in Mexico it will not be to defend the rights of the outraged Mexican Catholics but to safeguard the many dollars of a few Americans whose influence is to be measured by their investments and political pull!

Moscow in China

WE must give the Bolsheviks credit for recognizing their real enemy. Whether operating in Russia, Mexico or China, they consistently direct their attacks against the Catholic Church which they rightly regard as the very bulwark of law and order, of decency and morality, the one Church worth fighting against. *The North China Herald* publishes a side-light on the animus of the Sovietized Southern Chinese Army with this introduction:

"The following striking piece of information comes in a private letter from an authentic source. The desecration described points more clearly than anything could do to the actions of Moscow Bolsheviks in the Southern ranks."

"Amongst the besieged, the poor had to suffer most, and when they left the town they were nothing but skin and bones. The better circumstanced bore easily the siege: others had but two bowls of *sifan* per day: whilst some who had taken the precaution of buying their rice, prepared and ate it at night so as not to draw the attention of the neighbors.

"Up to the taking of the town, the little church of Safang, outside the north gate of Wuchang, was occupied by the besiegers, as also the Priest's house, and the Convent. In the Convent the kitchen only was damaged. In the Church the picture over the High Altar was slashed, as also were the other pictures in the Church, whilst the statues were thrown out on the road, and the Tabernacle was broken open.

"On October 10 at the New World in Hankow was staged a comedy based on the Boxer trouble. In it was represented the massacre of three Catholic priests. Before the piece was staged the producers had the insolence or stupidity to send a deputy to the Catholic Mission with the request for the loan of soutanes for the occasion. The Chinese in question is an employee of an important German firm and speaks very good English. It is needless to add that he was promptly shown the door. The French Consul has sent in an energetic protest.

"The Southerners have increased by 20 per cent. the taxes on water, electricity and telephone. They have also exacted a month's rent in advance from all, even from those living in their own houses. Landowners have also to pay a special tax, and a committee has been named to assess the amount each must pay."

Should the Hankow comedy prove to be the forecasting of another Boxing Uprising, Catholic

missionary endeavor to Christianize China should be neither abandoned nor lessened; nor should such a grim tragedy cool our enthusiasm for the conversion of the Chinese. To change an enormous pagan population into a Christian nation is a huge task beset with almost insurmountable difficulties; nor is it the work of a day or a generation. We are personally convinced that more Christian blood must consecrate the soil of China before the Chinese become Catholics. "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians" was true in the first century of the Church. It is true in the twentieth. And we gladly bear witness that our missionary priests and nuns have gone to China "in act Apostles, Martyrs in desire." For them and for those who help them in their sacrificial work there is only one philosophy, expressed in an old Irish saying: "That man is blest who does his best and leaves the rest to God!"

Mussolini and the Pope

MR. SIDNEY DARK, editor of the Anglo-Catholic *Sunday Times* gives us an enlightening view of the relations between Fascism and the Church—Mussolini and the Pope. "The Vatican," he says, "has been criticized, I used to think very reasonably, for its failure to support a political party [the Popular Party] Catholic in its membership and inspired by Christian ideals. But a closer study of the bewildering political intrigues that occurred in Italy after the war and before the revolution has proved to me that such criticism has little justification."

Fascism has taken the stand that religion is necessary for the safety of the State, and Signor Mussolini has done much by his personal example and official influence to restore religious observance in Italy. But however much the Holy Father may welcome the services done for religion by Fascism and its leader, he will not allow the Holy See to be used for the extension of the political influence of any individual or party. Mr. Dark observes that "the Vatican today is suspicious of all national governments, and is entirely and solely concerned with the institution of a kingdom not of this world. The Holy Father is a shrewd scholar. His manner is benign, but indomitable firmness is written all over his features. If he is eager, as he must be, for the extension of the influence of Rome as the central authority of the Catholic Church, he is too wise to suppose that such an extension can be secured by political manoeuvres."

The Cross: *As Represented in the First Ages of the Christian Church*

DURING the first ages of the Church all its most sacred beliefs and memories were shrouded in mystery and jealously guarded in extreme secrecy, for the fear that, coming to the notice of the pagans, they might be misunderstood or profaned. Hence the use of symbols and cryptic representations which to the Christians themselves were clearly intelligible, since they knew well what these signs and emblems represented.

It was thus that the Cross, too, upon which our Redeemer died for our salvation, was disguised in images that gave, at the same time that they concealed, the victorious and life-giving Sign. But with the Cross there was the further difficulty that the Romans had such a profound horror of it as the infamous gibbet reserved to slaves alone (no free-born Roman might die by the Cross; their laws forbade it, and one of their poets says: "Let not the name of the Cross be so much as mentioned in the same breath with the name of a Roman citizen") that there was no doubt a fear the gentile converts themselves might have a reluctance in accepting this symbol.

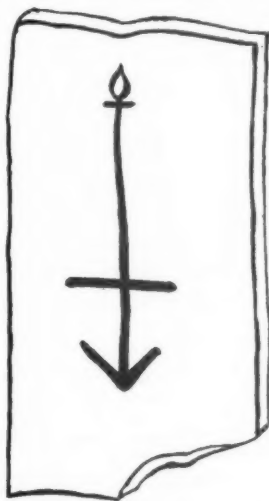
The Hebrews who became Christians hesitated before any kind of representation, though the ancient Judaic cemeteries in Rome show the seven-branched candlestick, the horn of anointing or of abundance, and other similar emblems engraved upon the tombs; but the converts from paganism were in no way hampered by these scruples; art was a part of their life and daily occupations, and as they used painting to decorate their heathen places of burial, so they used it in the Catacombs and especially in those portions of them which were most sacred and venerable.

The Cross at first was not employed as a motif of decoration, and therefore in the early ages we do not find it in the frescoes of the Catacombs; but we find it graven upon the tombs of the dead as the profession of their faith in the life ever-

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

lasting won for lost humanity by the atoning death of our

Savior upon the gibbet of shame; and as the symbol of the resurrection He had promised. The Cross was already the distinguishing mark of the Christian; but with a profound theological sense, it was not used ornamentally; it was reserved to stamp and seal the graves of those who had believed in Christ. Even there it was not carved in its stark reality, but an anchor was represented, and whether it was drawn upright, or in a horizontal position upon the tombstone, always the transverse bar at the top formed a cross with the longer iron of the chief portion.



ANCHOR-CROSS
Found on a Tombstone in the
Catacomb of St. Priscilla
(Second Century)

This use of the anchor to express, and at the same time to disguise, the figure of the Cross continued for nearly four centuries, namely, until the conversion of Constantine—a wonderful conversion wrought by a vision of the Cross, glorious and resplendent in the heavens, surrounded by the words: "In this Sign thou shalt win." The anchor is repeated over and over again upon the tombs of the early Christians in the Roman Catacombs, and generally it is absolutely simple in its form, and the Cross in it is quite recognizable.

WE ARE not prepared to say that small, plain crosses kept by Christians for devotion may not have existed in the earliest ages, and in fact there is a legend of one of the martyrs that he was an athlete and runner, and that he was recognized as a Christian and apprehended, because at a public meeting or race, such a small devotional cross dropped out of his vesture and revealed his secret Faith. We are bound to say, however, that no such crosses have been found in the Catacombs, or in the débris of the graves, and that there is therefore strong reason to suppose that the Church still prudently hesitated to represent the Crucifix in its austere reality.

It may be that the Holy Cross objectively had

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not yet appealed to the mind of the faithful as an object of worship, though the Cross was their distinctive Sign and the profession of their Faith, and they held to it with a profound conviction and fidelity as the symbol of their redemption, the Crucified Body of Christ having itself become a cross for their salvation. The frequent representation of the anchor proves their strong attachment to this mystery of our Faith: a God made Man, and dying a bitter and shameful death to deliver and save mankind.

S ALPHONSUS LIGUORI, following S. Bonaventure and speaking of the Sorrows of Our Lady, says that it was she who first venerated the Cross, and who first embraced and showed it honor; for, returning from the burial of her most sweet Son on that first Good Friday evening, she was obliged to pass before the Cross still standing, stark and terrible, at the summit of Golgotha, and she thought no more of the horror of it, but only that her Holy One had died upon it, that it had touched His sacred members, and that His Precious Blood had coursed upon it, sanctifying it forevermore. "O Holy Cross," he causes her to say, "I kiss and adore thee, since henceforth thou art no longer an infamous gibbet, but a throne of love and an altar of mercy, consecrated in the Blood of the Divine Lamb Who upon thee has been offered a sacrifice for the salvation of the world." What these Doctors say of Our Lady is certainly true of the Church also. From the first Good Friday she has venerated the Holy Cross, but she was not able to expose her worship

publicly in the midst of a pagan and unbelieving world. Thus, the anchor alone until about the third century.

In the third century, perhaps after the return of the confiscated cemeteries to the Church of Rome, in a new sense of freedom and possession; perhaps in some period of peace which widened the hearts of the Christians with hope, we find art in the Catacombs taking fresh developments, producing new and significant images. And now, though the anchor still appears, there are also other symbols.

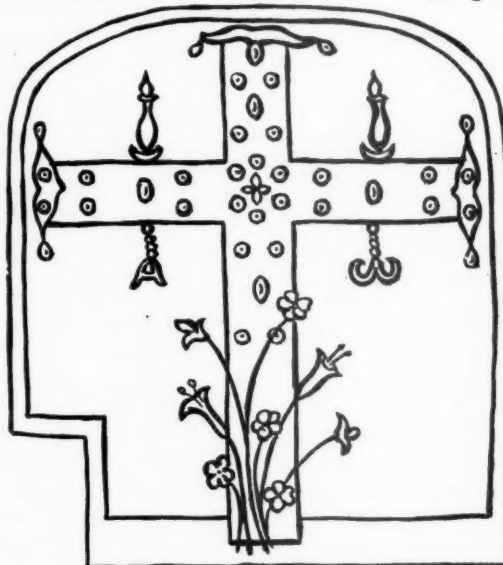
In the Catacomb Callixtus, in the region known as of *Lucina* (De Rossi identifies this matron with the historic Pomponia Graecina and believes that this portion of the ancient burial-place was founded by her) there is a very old tomb—it may be even of the second century, and if not, of the early third—upon which the name of the deceased reads in large letters: "Faustinianum." Beneath the name three images are carved in the marble, a dove holding a sprig of olive, or resting upon it (the emblem of the

Christian soul in peace); in front of that a lamb reclining and turning its head to look toward the dove (the Lamb alone always the figure of our Redeemer); and above the lamb an anchor placed horizontally so that the Lamb rests just beneath the crossing of the bar.

IT IS, to our knowledge, the very first juxtaposition of the two images, the anchor and the lamb, and it seems intended to represent, as clearly as possible, Christ and the Cross, and the redeemed soul, the dove, approaching, welcomed by the turning of the Lamb.



FISH ON TRIDENT
Catacomb of St. Callixtus
(Third Century)



CRUX GEMMATA—CROSS ADORNED WITH JEWELS AND FLOWERS. FROM THE BAPTISTERY IN THE CATACOMB OF ST. PONTIANUS (Sixth Century)

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CHRIST AS THE GOOD SHEPHERD LEANING UPON THE STAFF OF THE CROSS. A FIFTH CENTURY MOSAIC IN THE MAUSOLEUM OF GALLA PLACIDIA, RAVENNA, ITALY

THE third century occasionally offers the trident as well as the anchor, and this three-pronged spear used for certain kinds of fishing (and frequently placed as a sceptre in the hand of Neptune, the god of the sea, by pagan designers) also presents, in its characteristic lines, the vertical and horizontal bars of the cross. Anybody who has carefully observed the remnants of cornice round about the rear portion of the Pantheon in Rome, the ruins of the baths of Agrippa, will realize how the repeated motif of the trident looks for all the world like a series of crosses. And among the paintings of the Catacomb of Callixtus, where the trident is introduced upright, I think we may surely conclude, it is a symbol of the Cross. One of these third century decorative frescoes at Callixtus is absolutely harrowing in its realism, and Christian archaeologists are almost unanimously agreed that it can have only one meaning, namely, it is an image of Christ upon the Cross.

The painting shows a dolphin that has been speared and which twists in agony about the trident. If the significance is correct, and the upright position of spear and fish seem to

bear it out, then this truly is the first veiled representation of our Crucified Redeemer; and a most vivid and impressive one, assuredly. The fish was often used to signify Christ since it had been noted that the initial letters of the five Greek words, "Jesus Christ, God's Son, Savior" spelled the word *IXAYZ*, fish. This is further illustrated by another tomb on which little fishes cling to an anchor; and the little fishes, *pisciculi*, meant Christian souls, here clinging to the saving Cross.

THE third century has bequeathed us another image, not the work of pious hands but a blasphemous caricature discovered half a century ago upon the Palatine, in what was apparently a building attached to the palace of Septimius Severus (193-211). This has been identified as the *Pedagogium* or school for the imperial slaves, many of whom received a careful education to render them more useful to their masters. There are numerous rude drawings scratched with the writing *stylus* upon the walls, and one is evidently an allusion to the Christian Faith and a derision of it. A cross is sketched with two simple

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lines, and upon it a figure which has the head of an ass. Underneath this are the words in Greek: "Alexamenos adores his god."

The offensive satire is evidently the work of a schoolboy and directed against some companion or teacher whom he wished to ridicule; but how precious the testimony to us, that while the days of persecution were still flooding the city with blood—the glorious blood of martyrs—and while the Church still jealously guarded the secret of her doctrine and mysteries buried in the silence and darkness of the Catacombs, it had nevertheless transpired already, and a slave-boy who was learning letters was in a position to jeer at the absurdity of this creed: the Christians actually adored a God Who had been crucified!

SEVERAL times in the early paintings our Lord is represented as Orpheus, an image taken from pagan mythology, the great musician whose marvelous playing upon the lyre subdued all those who heard it and drew the

very wild beasts around him; it is the beauty and sweetness of the doctrine of Christ, likened to wondrous and alluring music, which is symbolized here. But a broken marble, no doubt part of a sculptured sarcophagus, offers still another figure borrowed from ancient classic literature: Ulysses bound to the mast. The sarcophagus was a Christian one, wrought with religious subjects and found in the Catacombs; therefore the interpretation of the Ulysses must be of Christian significance; and some advanced the theory that this typified the soul of the deceased resisting by the strength of grace, the sweet and traitorous voices of the syrens luring him to destruction (whom Ulysses had escaped only by stopping his ears with wax and thus shutting out their song). But others have seen in that agonized Form, lashed to the mast, and around which the elements seem to whorl and rage, a dramatic and tragic conception that grips the heart with a sense of terrible combat and suffering; they have said that this is no other but a veiled representation of Christ upon the



A FIFTH CENTURY CRUCIFIXION IN A PANEL OF THE DOOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. SABINA, ROME

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Cross. We can neither assert nor deny; we merely offer the image. But if the Orpheus is certainly Christ, then why not the Ulysses?

GIVEN when we reach the fourth century, we do not find the Crucifix, as such, offered to the veneration of the faithful. It was still custom-

ascending toward its triumph, and when the great prince Constantine saw it in vision and believed, he caused it immediately to be placed upon the standards of his army, and advanced confidently toward the victory promised him, and which he effectually won, under that Sign.

It was Rome, the empire of the world, which



THE CRUCIFIXION IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA ANTIQUA, ROME. IT IS OF THE SIXTH OR SEVENTH CENTURY

ary to depict our Savior as a symbolic lamb, or under the semblance of the shepherd amid his sheep; when he carried the ewe-lamb upon his shoulders, the allusion to the gospel of the lost lamb, the sinner of whom the Good Shepherd went in search, was clear. But Christ and the cross had not yet been united—and they would not be for nearly two hundred years more. Still the image of the Cross was

had passed into his hands. And how marvelous that the Cross should now crown the standards of the Roman army, those standards which had subdued the whole of the ancient world! A prince, unbaptized yet, carried the Cross triumphantly above the surge of his victorious troops into the Rome where Peter—and legions of martyrs—had died for their faith in that very Sign! Constantine, after he had made a

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rich tomb for Blessed Peter and erected a great basilica over it, with his own hands laid a cross of gold, his gift and that of his mother, upon the grave of the holy Apostle. Apparently there was no reason now, though the pagan world as yet subsisted unchanged side by side with the Christian community, why the image of the Cross should not be exposed for veneration; yet there is still a sort of reticence; that Roman world which had so hated and abhorred the mention of the shameful gibbet; that prejudice of the Gentiles which could not brook the notion of a God Who suffered; and it may be, too, the reverence of the Oriental churches which forbade the depiction of "the Divine Being"—all combined to hold the artists in check.

WHAT we find in the fourth century is the equilateral cross, used chiefly for ornament and either adorned with flowers or studded thickly with gems, the *crux gemmata* so often seen in mosaics. Upon the sarcophagi of the period, sculpture has advanced to represent episodes of the sacred Passion: Our Lord apprehended in the garden; standing before Pilate who washes his hands; or walking with the Cross upon His shoulder. But in none of these scenes is He depicted as suffering, and the Crucifixion is absolutely never represented.

A cross of true form, that is with the vertical beam longer than the horizontal, appears for the first time upon the tomb of a woman in the Catacomb of S. Lorenzo, and has caused wonder and discussion among students. The date indicated is that of the consulate of Antonius and Syagrius, namely, A. D. 381, nearly the close of the fourth century. The Cross is placed at the end of the inscription, and has the two Greek letters *alpha* and *omega* (the first and last of the alphabet, signifying that Christ is the beginning and the end of all things), one on each side of it. The name of the deceased and top line of the inscription are wanting.

The explanation for the figure of the Cross appearing in its true form is probably to be found in the fact that the empress-mother, Helena Augusta, deeply impressed with the vision which had made her son master of the world, and eagerly desirous to find the True Cross upon which our Lord had died, set out for Palestine, in spite of her advanced age, and on May 3, A. D. 326, after long seeking,

was rewarded by discovering the precious relic buried in the earth in the vicinity of the Holy Sepulchre. The instantaneous healing of a sick person by the contact of the Holy Cross assured her of the authenticity of her find.

A portion of the sacred wood remained in Jerusalem, and a portion was brought to Rome. These relics have ever been held in the highest veneration, and the cult of the Holy Cross probably began then in an altogether new and most earnest form. The image of the Cross was everywhere multiplied, and the efficacy of its protection was experienced in marked and manifold ways.

There remained still one more step toward what we know as the Crucifix, and that was taken about the fifth century. The doors of the church of St. Sabina in Rome, which are said to be of the fifth century, offer in one of the upper panels a relief-sculpture which can only be interpreted as a Crucifixion. These magnificent doors are of cedar-wood, fine, hard and almost incorruptible. The group indicated represents three figures, nude save for the loin-cloth, and with arms extended, each one set against a cross. The central figure is larger than the others, a mark of reverence in primitive art. The surface is a good deal worn by age, but this figure appears to have nails in the hands; the arms are outstretched and incline somewhat downward; the feet rest side by side on the *suppedaneum* (the small bar of wood which antiquarians state the cross really had, to prevent the hands being completely lacerated by the weight of the body). The hair is rather long, reaching the shoulders, and a short beard differentiates this image from the earlier ones in which the Roman artists always represented Christ as young, clean-shaven, and with the gracious and radiant aspect of adolescence in bloom. The carving may therefore be the work of an Oriental artist, though the nudity of the figures is against that supposition, since Greek and Byzantine, out of reverence, never uncovered the form of the Crucified Christ.

ONE wonders sometimes if the doors of St. Sabina are really of the fifth century, or whether perhaps they are not of the sixth, for during the course of the sixth century, a council rendered the decision, very important for religious art, that it was a want of respect for the divine Person of Christ to represent

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Him always as a lamb or a fish, and that henceforth "the Lord should be represented in the figure of a man and no longer as an animal." Thus changes of thought in succeeding ages set up different standards. But the adorable Figure of Christ, which the Roman world had not hesitated to represent in an ideal way as the Good Shepherd or as the miracle-worker, now became the possession of art forevermore.

WITH the infiltration of Byzantine influence, the solemn, splendid, bearded Christ of the gold-ground mosaics appears, but, search as we may, save for that one carved crucifixion of St. Sabina, we can find no image of our Redeemer upon the Cross until the sixth century. Only then was the pagan world really tottering towards its fall. S. Benedict found Apollo worshipped still in the mountains thirty miles from Rome; and the heathen gods and their cult died hard. But in the sixth century in the church of S. Maria Antiqua in the Roman Forum, re-discovered in 1900, the first Crucifixion we know in painting was limned, probably by some Greek monk. This is a real and true representation of the Crucifixion as we know it, with the Savior nailed to the Cross, Mary and John standing beneath it, and a small figure inscribed "Longinus" approaching spear in hand. Our Lord is clothed in the *colobium*, a long, sleeveless tunic of a pale color between blue and lavender. He has long hair and a beard, and the large, clear eyes look outward, but with no air of suffering. The feet rest side by side upon the slight support. This beautiful and significant fresco emerged in all its brightness and freshness of color, from the earth which had covered it in a landslide from the Palatine hill in the ninth century.

Another Crucifixion, closely similar to this one, exists in the Catacomb of St. Valentine on the old Via Flaminia outside Porta del Popolo; but it is esteemed of later date, probably of the seventh century. The earliest Crucifixes proper, now in our possession, are rather barbaric works in metal of the ninth and tenth centuries. They become beautiful and artistic with the unfolding and perfecting of medieval sculpture toward the thirteenth, and, about the same time, the Feet are folded one over the other and a single nail driven through both. This, as far as it is known to us by the objects to which we have access, is

the history of the evolution of the Crucifix from the first symbols of the Cross in early Christian art.

The Bonds of Christ

By N. K.

As St. Paul lay a captive bound with chains in a Roman prison, he dictated a letter to the Christians of Collosa. This epistle is distinguished from all others by the length of his exhortation to the practice of the moral virtues. He gives general advice to all and then singles out wives, husbands, fathers, children, servants and their masters, urging on each, in turn, an exact observance of their duties. Finally, he stops, and taking the pen from the hand of his secretary, he writes these words, "The salutation of Paul with my own hands. Be mindful of my bonds." (COL. 4/18.) What appeal could be more touching? Could he have said anything more likely to move them to obey his recommendations? "Be mindful of my bonds." He seems to say, "Remember how I worked and struggled for you. I have braved Jewish hate and Roman prisons. I have endured spiritual agonies and physical tortures and all this, to declare unto you the charter of your liberties; that you are no longer in the bondage of Satan, no longer burdened with exact observance of the Jewish religion; that you are now free children of God and co-heirs with Christ."

If St. Paul could make this appeal, how much the more touchingly and persuasively could Jesus Christ make it? "Be mindful of My bonds," He seems to say to us, "Remember how voluntarily I sacrificed My liberty for you, how completely I gave Myself into the hands of My enemies. I did not free Myself from their chains until I willed to be fastened more securely to the hard wood of the cross. 'Be mindful of My bonds.' Think you of My nail-dug feet, that you may not stray from the path of salvation; of My nail-pierced hands that you may not reach for things forbidden; of My thorn-imprisoned head that you may keep your thoughts from sin; of My spear-rent heart that you may open yours to none save me. Be mindful of My bonds for they gave you liberty. Lose not your freedom, for the loss will be eternal slavery."

Categorica *As Set Forth in News and Opinions*

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

HIRSUTE ADORNMENTS

According to a note recently published in the *Dearborn Independent* workers in the oldest financial institution in the world are confronted with a very great difficulty. A drastic regulation has been issued against one of the oldest hirsute adornments sported by man since the dawn of history. Only during his spare time at home, between the intervals of rocking the baby to sleep and darning the family stockings, possibly, may the Beau Brummel bank clerk cultivate any capillary attractions on his face. If he does so then, even, he must leave the whiskers or whiskerettes at home next day before proceeding to the bank. Of course there is nothing as yet to prevent him acquiring an artificial beard or mustache. It seems to us that the artificial variety is the only thing open to the London bank clerk who fancies hirsute adornment. Further, it has the advantage of being readily laid aside when necessary, and of course it could be loaned out for public functions or political campaigns. It could be laundered with the family wash and might be of invaluable use wherever a double identity or alias is necessary. Here is the note:

The Bank of England recently issued an order to its clerical force to the effect that mustaches must not be worn during business hours.

CHINESE IGNORANCE

This may enlighten some of our readers who think of the Chinese in terms of illiteracy. We clip this from Joseph L. French's article, "Song Cycles of Cathay" in *The Commonweal*:

Chinese poetry is the largest body of verse in the world, coming from a people of whom Ampere remarks: "Of all the nations, the Chinese seem to be fondest of poetry. All the educated write verses." This statement applies in later times to the uneducated as well. Judith Gautier, writing of a half a century ago, says: "Sometimes an independent author addresses himself to the people. He writes his verses of the entrance to a quarter, most often without signing them. People stop and read them and discuss them. If a scholar passes and finds the poem worthy of the trouble, he makes a copy of it which he keeps for his friends, and eventually he puts it with others similarly discovered. Poems kept

in this manner are soon wafted from mouth to mouth, become famous and, in the end, popular. It is thus posterity and a certain plebiscite which determines a poet's claim to distinction." "In olden times," says Pan-Kou, "the sages themselves did not compare with the poets in estimation." Chinese poetry is not only the largest, but the oldest body of poetry in the world.

PAGE BISHOP MANNING

Surely the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York has plenty room for amazement in this kind of witnessing for Christ! Ad in the New York *Herald Tribune*:

ST. MARK'S IN-THE-BOUWERIE

Tenth Street and Second Avenue

11—Rev. William Norman Guthrie, D. D.: "Virgin Goddesses, Artemis and Athena."

4—Fall Drama Symposium on EUGENE O'NEILL, CAPONSACCHI, REPERTORY, OLD BILL—the speakers being: BARRETT H. CLARK, MRS. CHARLES M. SEACOMBE, DR. GEORGE J. SMITH, MRS. STUART BENSON, CHARLES COBURN.

8—Symbolic Worship: HOLY WATER and Singing Hour. DOROTHY BARKER and KAREL BENDL, Gypsy Songs.

Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25:

10:30 A. M. Festal Service:

Decoration of Sanctuary with fruits of the earth, and Rededication of our hearts to the God of our Fathers.

A KANSAS EXPLANATION

The following from the *Wichita Eagle* may serve as a rebuke to the critic and solace for the criticized:

This discussion about the origin of the word "carping" as used frequently in the expression "carping critic" leads us to pick an unused oar for a moment. The word is not from the French, but from the fish, and is so called because the carp is scaly, dumb, sneaking and full of bones. In the human variety the bones are mostly above the ears. The carp is also of the sucker variety, and will steal your bait. It is considered of absolutely no value. When caught it will try and flop back in the water. Don't y'see, don't chu?

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JUSAFITEFAN

The following is sent in by a subscriber in Lowell, Mass. May this kind of fan increase:

Rev. Dear Fathers:

Enclosed you will find \$5. I intended to see the "Chic" Suggs-Honey Boy Finnegan bout next Monday night. I'm sure you fellows can use it to better advantage.

It was a toss up whether I send the five spot to you or Supreme Secretary McGinley of the Knights to help the fight against Calles! You won!

Some time if you get a chance remember the wife, kid, myself and the expected arrival in your prayers.—Jusafitefan.

THE AMERICAN VATICAN

A special to *The New York Times* carries a message delivered in the Senate by Senator Bruce, of Maryland. It is a broadside that we should like to see broadcasted:

Senator Bruce, Democrat, of Maryland, delivered a verbal broadside in the Senate today against the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, an agency established at Washington to interest itself in matters along the lines indicated by its name.

Senator Bruce declared the board was the only "vatican" that threatened to disrupt American politics. He criticized its policy and that of other dry organizations, chiefly the Anti-Saloon League, and added that the methods adopted by the churches in supporting prohibition raised an issue more momentous even than prohibition itself.

Prohibition, Senator Bruce asserted, was to be "the pivotal issue" around which the Presidential election would be fought in 1928, and he declared that unless the Democrats nominated Governor Smith of New York, Governor Ritchie of Maryland or Senator Reed of Missouri they might as well stay at home.

For almost the entire time Senator Bruce spoke only one Senator and Vice-President Dawes were in the chamber. The interested Senator was Mr. Shepherd, Democrat, of Texas, known as the author of the Eighteenth Amendment, who listened intently and occasionally made a note, preparing to defend the dry side of the question later.

Before referring to the Methodist organization Senator Bruce described himself as a Presbyterian and a great believer in religious matters. He attacked the expenditures of the Anti-Saloon League and its recent political activities.

"And, mind you," he added, "the influences by which the energies of the Anti-Saloon League are directed are largely the influences which are forever holding up to us the scarecrow of papal domination. Only a day or so ago I was asked to assist in establishing a Protestant broadcasting station in Washington for the purpose of counteracting the 'concerted move on foot to deliver our beloved nation into the hands of the Roman hierarchy.' How such a request came to be made of one

who loathes religious bigotry and self-seeking humbugs as I do it is hard for me to understand.

"If the Catholic Church had interfered with the authority of the State and browbeaten candidates, legislators and other public officials as the clerical leaders of the prohibition movement have done, the whole country would long ago have been aflame. It has done nothing of the sort and has, in many respects, set an example of dignity and wisdom in its relations to the State which might well be imitated by the sectarian extremists in our Protestant communions.

"If there is any vatican prejudicing the freedom of our political life it is not the ancient Vatican at Rome, but the browbeating vatican which the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church has erected just across from the United States Senate Office Building and only a few paces away from the front steps of our National Capitol; and if there are any Peter's pence collected in the United States for political purposes it is not those that are collected for the support of the Papal See, but those that are collected by the Anti-Saloon League for the promotion of its political aims.

"So dangerous are the tendencies of the latter that I can see how a true Protestant, fully alive to the vital importance of keeping State and Church asunder at the present time, might well believe that the best way to assure that condition and to re-establish the Federal Constitution on the old foundations, which have been so gravely sapped by the Protestant clericalism, would be to elect to the Presidency some Catholic, like Alfred E. Smith, who is a Catholic in his own home and in his own church, but just a simple American when seated in the Executive chair at Albany."

A NEW CIVIL WAR

According to Dr. Edward Mims, professor of English literature at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., a new civil war is being fought in the South to end lynching, to destroy the Ku Klux Klan, and to rout the forces of passion, ignorance and prejudices. Here's hoping that the war will be won! In an address at the forty-first annual dinner of the New York-Southern Society Dr. Mims said:

For sixty years we have lived too long in the shadow of a great disaster and tragedy; we have explained far too many things by that war and its bastard offspring, Reconstruction. Is it not time, whenever Southerners meet together to take certain things for granted and pass on to other things—to find new heroes, new watchwords, new causes? It's time to have done with so much talk about Southern chivalry, Southern manners and hospitality, even Southern ideals and traditions.

I wish to speak of another civil war that is now being fought out in every community and State of the South, and of another reconstruction that is synonymous with the rebuilding of old Commonwealths. The fight is on between the progressives and liberals and the conservatives or reactionaries.

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In this present war the progressives are fighting for economic efficiency, for wide-spread intelligence, for the right of criticism, for freedom of thought, for genuine nationalism. They are going to win, not in every skirmish, not immediately, but eventually and on the whole line of battle.

There is a South that practices and justifies lynching and another South that believes it is unjustifiable under any and all circumstances and is resolutely determined to put an end to it.

Georgia, that has furnished far too many instances of the first point of view, recently has sent to the penitentiary for terms ranging from six years to life imprisonment the leaders of a mob. All honor to Judge Reed for his courageous maintenance of the majesty of the law! May South Carolina now follow suit and punish the mob that lynched Negroes!

There is a South that boasts of an original contribution to the Nation in the organization of the Ku Klux Klan, and a South that believes the Klan is un-American and un-Christian, and that holds out the helping hand to every race and creed.

There is a South of ecclesiastical demagogues who would put in libraries and laboratories as a warning to its scholars. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," and a South of enlightened prophets who would follow truth wherever it may lead and whatever it may cost.

Strongholds of passion and prejudice cannot be overthrown by some sudden blast of a trumpet; they yield only to the constant siege of intelligence and education.

CHRIST IN WOOLWORTH'S

In the London *Universe* G. C. Heseltine makes some observation on Mr. Edison's new wisdom:

I did not think to find You there—
Crucifixes, large and small,
Sixpence and threepence, on a tray,
Among the artificial pearls,
Pastor rings, tin watches, beads of glass.
It seemed so strange to find You there,
Fingered by people coarse and crass,
Who had no reverence at all.
Yet—what is that You would say?
"For these I hang upon My Cross,
For these the agony and loss.
Though heedlessly they pass Me by."
Dear Lord, forgive such fools as I,
Who thought it strange to find You there
When You are with us everywhere.

THOMAS A. EDISON

Teresa Hooley has contributed these striking lines to the London *Observer*:

Sixteen years ago, at the mature age of sixty-eight, Mr. Thomas A. Edison, the brilliant American who has to his eternal credit (or debit—as you will) the invention of the gramophone, telephone, cinema, and a host of other excellent (or execrable) things, declared that he did not believe in the immortality of the soul.

Now, at the wiser age of eighty-four, he says that he has reversed his earlier decision, and that "Evidence such

as scientists should consider favors the belief that the soul lives after death," and "science often reverses itself and today's facts may become tomorrow's fallacies," and "there is no reason for intelligence developing along the lines of the practical to be shocked by the theory that the soul is immortal."

To this I can only murmur in tones of profound respect, "Bo! You've said a mouthful!"

And when he mentions, in support of his belief, that actual organic life has persisted for millions of years and still continues, even I can go all the way with a scientist! I will go so far as to say that he is all too moderate and that I will readily accept double that estimate as a matter of faith.

Behold, then, gentle reader, another good man gone right! *Gaudeamus igitur!*

"It may be that in age one seeks
Peace only; that the blood is brisker
In boy's veins, than in those whose cheeks
Are partially obscured by whisker;

"Or that the growing ages steal
The memories of past faults from us,
But this is certain—that I feel
Most friendly unto thee, O Thomas!"

In fact, this great old man's new accession of wisdom moves me to so large an affection for him that I can almost forgive him the silly remark that "people are more intelligent because of the changes brought about by invention"—and the electric tram.

SOME STOLEN WIT

Won't Do At All

Little Girl: "Please, have you a sheep's head?"

Butcher (trying to be funny): "No, my dear, only my own."

Little Girl: "That won't do. Father wants one with brains in it."

Among Her Books

First Flapper: Who is your favorite author?

Second Flapper: Tolstoi.

First Flapper: Oh—they say he's perfectly wonderful.

Second Flapper: Yes, that's what I've heard.

Manners

Stern Landlady: Would you like some cake?

Tramp: Yes.

Lady: Yes, what?

Tramp: Yes, dear.

For His Far

The young married couple had been quarrelling, and the wife had retreated into her room, slamming the door behind her and maintaining an audible snuffle. After a quarter of an hour she summoned the maid and inquired:

"Is my husband still in his room?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then sit here and cry a few minutes—I'm so tired I must take a little rest."

Don't Bother Daddy

Joan: Daddy, may I—?

Daddy (busy): NO! . . . may you what?

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THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

SISTERS' ADDRESS

Please tell me the name and address of the Mother Superior of the Order of St. Joseph which is located in New York.—H. C., SCRANTON, PA.

There is an independent Motherhouse and Novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph located at Brentwood, N. Y., in the diocese of Brooklyn. Address your correspondence to the Mother Superior, St. Joseph's Convent, Brentwood, N. Y.

AN ANCIENT FALLACY

God knows before two persons are born that one will become a saint and the other a sinner. How then explain that all men are created with an equal chance to gain heaven.—M. L. B., NEW YORK CITY.

This question was answered at some length in the July issue of THE SIGN, page 502. It is true that God knows before persons are born what their end will be. This is the foreknowledge of God. But His foreknowledge does not determine the actions of free creatures. This knowledge is not *beforehand* with God. There is no before and after with Him. All things are present. God is said to foresee evil. But man is not therefore constrained to do evil. As well might one say that a man whom we see at a distance committing a crime is forced to commit it because of our seeing him. Almighty God sees a man's evil deed because the man does it; the man does not do it because God sees it.

But should you ask, How can God see what does not yet exist? I answer that that is a mystery. But God's knowledge of the future free actions of creatures may be likened to the knowledge which a physician has when a patient suffers from a grave disorder which will result in the latter's death. The doctor's knowledge does not cause the sick man's death.

The fore-knowledge of God is a mystery, and we cannot hope to understand mysteries. Otherwise they would no longer be mysteries. But we can be sure of this, in fact, we must hold it as of Faith: God knows infallibly what the end of each free creature will be; also, each individual is conscious of the fact that his free actions are performed of his own volition. Otherwise there would be neither praise nor blame. The freedom from necessity which the rational will of man enjoys is a dogma of Faith which every Catholic must profess.

We hold, as it were, the two ends of the chain of existence in our hands—the foreknowledge of God and the free will of man. Just because we cannot see *how* they can possibly be united is no reason for doubting that they are united and reconcilable.

Every perfection of God is infinite; that is, without limits. If He does not know with infallible certainty

the eternal lot of all free creatures He would not be Omniscient. If He did not give every one a chance, if He predetermined some to salvation and others to perdition, regardless of their merits or demerits, He would not be All-Good. We know that He is both. Leave this matter to God.

The best solution of this question is to be found in the words of the Athanasian Creed: "Those who do good shall go into eternal life; those who do evil into eternal fire." Each one is conscious of the fact that he can do good and avoid evil with the aid of God's grace which is not denied to those who ask it.

OSCULATION

(1) Is it a sin to kiss a boy? (2) Would one commit a sacrilege by going to Communion after kissing a boy?—N. L., KENTUCKY.

(1) Kissing, like dancing, is an indifferent thing in itself. To kiss according to the customs of the country, for friendship's sake, attachment, or any reasonable cause is not sinful. Actions indifferent in themselves become bad when performed immoderately or without sufficient reason. If done from a base motive they become gravely sinful. Practically speaking, kissing is always dangerous between youths of different sexes. It is so easy to go beyond the bounds of moderation that it should be used like lending money—with the greatest of circumspection. (2) One's actions depend upon one's conscience. I can answer your question only in general terms. To receive Communion after kissing a boy is not forbidden if the kissing was not a sin. If it were, you ought to abstain from Communion or else go to confession before receiving.

GLUTTONY

Will you please explain what is meant by the sin of Gluttony?—G. C., BOSTON, MASS.

The sin of gluttony is one of the capital sins. It is committed by the immoderate use of food and drink, i. e., by eating or drinking too frequently, too excessively, too expensively, too eagerly, or too daintily. Intemperance in any of these points is generally a venial sin. The term *gluttony* is relative. In the nature of things excess in eating and drinking must be measured according to age, temperament, employment, etc. What would be sinful for one person might be permitted to another. It is difficult to lay down a general rule which will fit all cases further than to say that each one is obliged to follow the rule of right reason. If a person were so immoderate in this matter as to become one of those "whose god is their belly" (Phil. 3/19), living solely to eat, and not eating to live—such a one would be guilty

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of serious sin. It would likewise be a grievous sin of gluttony to put the satisfaction of one's appetite, without a sufficient reason, before the law of the Church prescribing fast and abstinence.

NEW THOUGHT

Will you kindly let me know if the monthly magazine called The International New Thought Alliance, printed at Washington, D. C., in several languages, is approved by the Catholic Church? If so, do any of our Catholic clergymen contribute articles to it?—A. R., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Judging by the name I would say not. Such words as "New Thought" and "Free Thought" are pretty certain signs of dangerous magazines. There is nothing new about thought, nor is thought free. Not new because men have been thinking for quite a spell; not free because the mind is obliged to seek the truth and to hold fast once it is obtained.

REQUIESCAT!

I understand that when a Catholic marries he is not supposed to get a divorce and marry again; and if he does so he is denied Sacraments and cannot be buried from a Catholic church. If this be so, how could Rudolph Valentino receive the last rites of the Church and be buried with a solemn requiem Mass and laid to rest in a Catholic cemetery.—E. S., PHILA., PA.

Is it possible that you have not read at least one of the numerous statements written about this case? It seems that people will not let the actor rest in peace. You have not understood the case correctly; consequently, your conclusions are erroneous. Valentino was not really married to any of the women who posed as his wives. He was a Catholic; therefore bound to observe the laws of the Church in regard to the marriage of her subjects. He did not do that. His marriages were not performed by the proper Catholic authority, and as a result were invalid—or no marriages at all. Since he was never validly married in the eyes of the Church, his so-called divorces were merely civil actions to avoid prosecution by the State on the score of bigamy. There can be no absolute divorce with freedom to marry again in the case of Catholic marriages which have been ratified and consummated; also for marriages of the same kind between baptized Christians of whatever denomination. In this respect you are right.

Valentino is said to have been engaged to another woman. He was free to marry in the eyes of the Church because he had no real wife among his former partners.

When a Catholic comes to die and sincerely repents for his misdeeds, however great and numerous they may have been, the Church—kind Mother—is willing to take him back to her bosom and lay him to rest with loving care. She cares not for the wounded sensibilities of the self-styled "good people" who affect to be scandalized, and she continues to do what the Master did when He absolved the sinful woman and took the thief with Him to paradise. But had Valentino lived he would have been obliged to reform his life. This he sincerely promised to do, as we must suppose from the fact that a priest administered to him the last rites. Moreover, not only may a priest absolve a contrite peni-

tent at the crucial moment of death, but he is bound to do so. The Catholic Church impresses upon all her ministers, in season and out of season, that the supreme law of their life is the salvation of souls. Now, priests are supposed to know their business. And when a penitent soul comes back to the Church, which he may have forgotten in the days of his glory, she lays him to rest as one of her own.

LIKE THE PRECEDING

A certain family wished their mother to become a Catholic while she was seriously ill, but she absolutely refused to do so. While in the hospital she had a stroke and could not speak. When she died she was taken to the Catholic church, a Mass was celebrated, and she was buried in a Catholic cemetery. Can a person receive the rites of the Church while lying in a state of coma?—R. C., CHICAGO, ILL.

Evidently this person did; otherwise she would not have been treated as a Catholic when dead. Everybody is obliged to become a member of the Catholic Church. There is only one true Church—the Catholic. Christ didn't establish and endow a Church which one is free to enter or not. Only inculpable ignorance will excuse those who are saved as members of heretical or schismatical sects.

As long as the necessary dispositions of soul are present in a man or woman who is alive, though in a comatose state, the rites of the Church may be received. All are capable of receiving these rites who are not really dead. At times these required dispositions are easily manifest. Now and again they are not so easy to perceive. But words are not the only avenue of communication. A nod or a pressure of the hand can reveal the soul's desire as truly as a word of mouth. This is sufficient.

The priest who attended her asked her if she wished to die in communion with the Catholic Church. She may have answered verbally. She may have responded to his question by a nod, a pressure of the hand of the priest. Either would have been sufficient. Dying persons are frequently able to hear what is going on but may be unable to utter words. In case the priest doubts the presence of necessary dispositions, he administers the sacraments conditionally; that is, in case these dispositions are not present the sacrament will not have been given in vain. But the dying person is given the benefit of the doubt. The salvation of souls is the supreme law. Even momentary consciousness can reveal sincere repentance and a desire to do all that God ordains for salvation. This is what happened in the case. Having died a Catholic, she was buried as one.

Remember, the Catholic Church is a real mother—the greatest mother in the world; especially when death is near. Valentino never received a good turn equal to that which the Church did him. Always willing to help during life, she stands by the bedside of the departing soul trying to lead it home. This woman was willing to be led back at the eleventh hour.

VARIA

(1) *Do all the candidates for the priesthood take vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience? If not, what vows do secular priests take?* (2) *During the time that the seat of the Church was at Avignon were there also*

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Popes in Rome? (3) Please explain what is meant by the Miracle of the True Cross.—H. B. G., CHICAGO, ILL.

(1) The three vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience must be taken only by those who wish to enter the Religious State. It is a strict law of the Latin Church that all her priests lead a life of celibacy. When the young aspirant to the priesthood receives the first of the Major Orders (the Subdeaconship) he makes a solemn vow of perfect and perpetual chastity. *Every priest* of the Latin branch of the Church is, therefore, held to observe perfect chastity. Secular priests are many times called on to practice the virtues of obedience and sometimes even poverty, but this is not from any obligation of a vow, but from the circumstances of their state.

(2) At no time in the history of the Church were there two successors of St. Peter or two Vicars of Christ. Now and again there were rival claimants of the Papal Chair, but these intruders were no more successors of St. Peter than a chief of the Hottentots. The removal of the Pontiffs to Avignon did not signify the creation of a new Popedom, leaving the already established one to continue at Rome. It was merely a transfer of residence, just as the Pope from time to time left Rome to go into another territory. The results, however, of the sojourn at Avignon were none too happy, and the period is called in ecclesiastical history the "Babylonian Captivity" or "Exile" of the Papacy. During the period of schism there was one rival or anti-pope, known as Nicholas V, who afterward submitted to the legitimate Pontiff, John XXII.

(3) In the first half of the fourth century St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, undertook to discover the True Cross on which our Lord died. With the assistance of St. Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, and a Jew named Judas, who pointed out the place to the excavators, three crosses were found. But because the title was detached from the Cross of Christ it could not be identified. Acting under inspiration, St. Macarius had the three crosses brought to the bedside of a sick woman. The touch of two were of no avail, but the third produced an immediate cure. Another version has it that St. Helena herself sought by means of a miracle to discover which was the Cross on which our Savior died. All three were applied to the body of a man already dead. By contact with the third the man came to life.

MONEY

(1) *Inclosed is the will of a priest. I can't understand, if they believe what they preach, how they can keep so much money when they know that others need a little. (2) Can the dead be prayed for on All Soul's Day if one does not put an offering in the envelope?—J. N., BOSTON, MASS.*

(1) Secular priests are allowed to possess money and real estate as their own by any just title, such as inheritance, donation, contract, etc. What they have dominion over they are free to dispose of as they see fit, according to the laws of justice and charity. The deceased priest in question left generous sums to churches, hospitals, asylums, colleges, and other societies for the promotion of the Catholic Religion. Because money was left by will does not prove that he was not equally generous during his life. (2) Yes. Persons

too poor to make an offering should send in the names of their deceased.

RUBRICS

(1) *Why does the priest pour a little water into the wine at holy Mass? (2) Why does he spread his hands over the chalice.—A. S., BUFFALO, N. Y.*

(1) This rubric has an historical and a mystical reason. It was customary with the Jews to add a small quantity of water to the wine when they celebrated the Pasch. Christ did this at the Last Supper. There are several mystical, or spiritual, meanings conveyed by this rubric. First, the addition of the water signifies the water which flowed, together with blood, from the open side of Christ on the Cross. Second, the mixture represents the union of the Divine Word with humanity in the Incarnation. Third, the union of Christ, our Head, with the faithful through grace. The priest blesses the water before pouring it into the wine because it represents the faithful united to Christ.

(2) The spreading of the priest's hands over the chalice and bread to be consecrated signifies that Christ is offered in our place to appease the offended justice of the Almighty in atonement for our sins. It was commanded the priests of the Old Dispensation to place their hands upon the sacrifices offered to God, to show that the offences committed by the people were transferred, as it were, to the oblation; and in the destruction of the sacrifice God's pardon was obtained. Christ is the one and only sacrifice of the New Dispensation. Sins are pardoned only through Him. The Mass being a renewal and re-presentation of the Sacrifice of Calvary, it has the same efficacy as that of the Cross. Because we wish our sins forgiven, we place them on the head of Christ, our Victim, by means of the priest. Through the oblation and destruction of the Victim our sins are pardoned.

THANKSGIVING

Please publish my thanks for favors received through the intercession of St. Anne.—A. D., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Inclosed find \$1.00 in thanksgiving for a favor received through St. Jude and the Souls in Purgatory.—E. K., TROY, N. Y.

Will you please make known my profound thanks to the Sacred Heart and Our Lady of Victory for a cure of stomach trouble, from which I had suffered for three years. Inclosed is \$10.00 for the Chinese Missions which I had promised.—A. F., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Kindly publish in your magazine a favor which I received from the good St. Jude.—C. J. M., PITTSBURGH, PA.

I write you these few lines to ask you to please publish in THE SIGN my heartfelt thanks to St. Jude Thaddeus. I prayed to him so hard to find a way to pay a debt and he sent me work with the most wonderful firm in the country, something I had tried for years to get. They even called me on the phone two days after the novena was said. It is so little to offer in the good Saint's name, but I will never forget him. I love THE SIGN and pass it on. I copied the prayer to St. Jude forty times and gave it to friends; and also the prayer to dear St. Francis, the Little Poor Man of Assisi. I will send more in his name. Please pray for me that God will bless my family of little ones, that when I close my eyes I can offer them up to our Savior and tell Him that's all the good I have done.—B. E., NEWARK, N. J.

Archconfraternity Comment

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for January, 1927)

THE INTENTION of the Archconfraternity for this month is "Vocations to the Priesthood." Innumerable souls have been and are being lost to the Faith here in America simply because of the dearth of priests. Where there is no priest, there is no Blessed Sacrament, no real Catholic life; and a generation or two suffices for complete loss of the Faith. In not a few of our dioceses during the past year more priests died than were ordained. Thus, instead of our priests increasing to minister to the greater Catholic population, they are, in many quarters, decreasing. The pleasure-loving spirit of the age with all the modern pleasure-procuring facilities, call so appealingly to our young men that the voice of the Master is often unheeded. "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest."—ST. MATTHEW: 9/37-38.

THE LAY APOSTOLATE

LAST month we printed a letter from one of our readers stating that "the ordinary lay Catholic does not know his Faith and does not know how to get others to know it," and thus *ordinarily* would do more harm than good in bringing up arguments about religion, perhaps even to the extent of losing his own Faith. In answer to this we say that one of the chief purposes of our Apostolate is to instruct our lay Catholics that they may have a more intelligent hold of their Faith and be better equipped to spread it.

Prayer and good example, of course, are always necessary in the work of bringing souls into the Church, but they are not the only means of conversion. As an old priest once said, "the way to get converts is to go after them;" and we hope to be able to teach our lay Catholics how to "go after" those outside without antagonizing anyone or endangering their own Faith.

One of our lay apostles, herself a convert, has sent us a communication which has the merit of revealing a true experience.

MY DEAR FATHER:

While it is only seven years since I became a Catholic, it seems a hundred, and it was with real difficulty that I endeavored this morning to retrace my steps and decide just what I needed most at that time.

In my humble opinion, the lives of the saints form the real kind of spiritual food, outside of receiving our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. It sets up an ideal before the mind, a goal toward which to work.

A new Catholic is like a person setting foot for the first time on strange soil; new people, new habits, new spiritual food, new climate if we may thus designate the general church atmosphere (I mean the relations of Catholics with each other) which does not include the hand-shaking and general friendliness after the breaking up of the church service.

The life of a saint gives the convert an opportunity to know how an exemplary Catholic lives, and the love of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. It shows the way, and *how much* one Catholic loved the Church. It attaches a different value to the Faith by looking at it through the eyes of the saint.

Recommend books like "A Modern Martyr" (The life of Theophane Venard); "For the Faith" (The life of Just de Bretonnais); "St. Gabriel, Passionist" (I love his "Resolutions," and read them many times); "St. Rita," by Corcoran; also devotional works like "The Mountains of Myrrh," by O'Rourke, S. J., and "My Changeless Friend," by Le Buffe, S. J.

Strongly urge, also, daily Communion. There is something in the quiet of the early morning, with only a few in the church, that cannot be equalled by all the lives of the Saints. That is when our Lord speaks direct. I think *one* daily Communion in the stillness of the church provides more spiritual benefit than a half dozen Sunday Communions with all their necessary hub-bub and distractions. Please emphasize this, dear Father.

Ask the convert to practice the "Presence of Jesus" in his daily life. This requires concentration. He will find the same concentration of value in church, where it enables one to forget those around, and makes one feel the direct relationship between oneself and our Eucharistic Lord.

After accomplishing this, the convert will be grateful to our Lord for the absence of the things he now misses; they would only be that much more distraction were they present.

Finally, I am very fond of The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, for general use. They are so clear and inspiring.

THIS is a sample of the kind of letter we wish from our readers, telling of actual experiences in convert-making, or any other ideas they may have about this work of the lay apostolate. Address The Rev. Moderator, c/o The Sign, Union City, N. J.

L'Action Française

Condemned by Cardinal Andrieu and Pope Pius XI

A FRENCH CATHOLIC, who holds a very influential position in the Catholic movement, expressed to me a few weeks ago such strong views on the recent condemnation of the Action Française by Cardinal Andrieu, and subsequently by the Pope himself, that the gist of his argument is worth placing on record. He attached so much importance to the crisis which has been precipitated by the Cardinal's condemnation that he believed it to mark the beginning of a phase which would lead, after a short period of acute crisis in France, to an immense consolidation of all the Catholic forces in this country, which have hitherto been divided hopelessly by the tendencies towards violent anti-constitutional action on the part of the neo-royalist movement.

The origin of the trouble may be briefly stated. It has been well known to everyone familiar with the various factors of the Catholic movement in France. Broadly speaking, the older generation of Catholics were, at the beginning of the present century, still largely royalist in their sympathies. The tradition of plunder and spoliation under the Republic still carried with it vivid memories for many people; and most of the older clergy and nearly all the Catholic aristocracy were still profoundly hostile to the Republic, which they regarded as being only the latest phase in the series of political crises through which France had passed since the Revolution, with alternating republics and monarchies. But by the beginning of the century it had become quite clear to those who viewed the situation without traditional and personal feelings that the restoration of the monarchy in France had become an impossibility. And, before long, the younger generation—who felt that the restoration of the monarchy was at best a hopelessly lost cause, and to many of them an undesirable programme—received an implied encouragement from the appeals made by Leo XIII for a sincere effort on the part of all French Catholics to work loyally within the Republic, accepting it as an accomplished fact.

Gradually that new generation—which, among Catholic laymen, found its leader in M. Marc Sangnier—gained strength all over the country. Even in Brittany, where the old diehard royalists were most strongly entrenched, the Catholic re-

By DENIS GWYNN

publicans won the majority of the people to their side, and the old aristocratic and clerical tradition of desire for the restoration of a monarchy has died out. But in the meantime an entirely new movement has grown up, which, in its turn, has captured the younger generation; so that at present the main support for the royalist government is among the younger generation, while their elders—who thirty years ago had to fight for their claim to be good Catholics while supporting the republic—are now in much the same position in regard to their juniors as were formerly the Catholic monarchists.

This new royalist movement is in fact almost entirely a new agitation. It owes its origin admittedly to the eloquence and the political genius of one man, an "intellectual" publicist, M. Charles Maurras; who, coming of a staunch republican family in Provence, persuaded himself in his youth that democracy was the chief source of all political evils in France and in other countries. By an amazing power of logical reasoning and political diagnosis he has imposed his own views upon an enormous number of Frenchmen who have no sentimental feelings whatever in regard to the old French monarchy. M. Maurras simply expounds the theory that all democratic politics must inevitably be corrupt and incompetent, and that in practice democracy in France has transferred all real political influence from the genuinely French interests in the State to various alien elements, dominated chiefly by international finance and by freemasonry.

IT is impossible to discover the writings of M. Maurras without becoming at first thoroughly captivated by his extraordinarily cogent and lucid style. No man since Rousseau has had the same unrivalled power of political argument, the same lucid clarity of thought and expression, combined with an astonishing gift for current political controversy. And he has had a singularly easy task in demonstrating the ineptitude and the corruption of modern French politics. The spectacle of one government after another in the past few years utterly unable to make up its mind for fear of losing support in the constituencies; the entire absence of real patriotic feeling which

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could rise above party considerations, have reduced parliamentary government in France almost to a farce. And M. Maurras has made the most of his opportunities in pointing out how much more efficient and more wholesome a centralised and stable and undemocratic hereditary government would be, free from the necessity of buying votes by concessions to conflicting vested interests.

EVEN before the war M. Maurras had begun to make rapid headway among the younger generation in France. He had gained the active support of a group of most brilliant young men, of whom M. Leon Daudet as a platform orator and controversialist, M. Jacques Bainville as an expert on foreign politics and history, and M. Georges Valois as an authority on economic questions, became the most outstanding contributors to the *Action Française* newspaper. Almost all of them admit their personal conversion to monarchist ideas through the persuasive and irresistible eloquence of M. Maurras. And since the war the movement has gained strength enormously. One government after another has fallen into complete discredit, until it is almost impossible to find a politician who has not been utterly discredited within the past four or five years; and yet there remains no alternative to finding some new combination of professional politicians all equally discredited. The result has been a universal disgust with the politicians on the part of the young men in the universities. M. Maurras, with his consistent and always simple scheme for a complete clean sweep of the democratic system, stands almost alone with a remedy ready to be applied.

The fact that the royalists have no presentable candidate for the French throne scarcely matters. Even the death of the Duc d'Orleans, who had been their chosen candidate for so long, and whose personality had helped to rally the older conservatives to the support of this purely intellectual movement, has not diminished the influence of the agitation. The politicians have gone on from one mess to another, and the arguments for M. Maurras's proposal for the abolition of parliamentary government have seemed more and more compelling.

But the movement, though it has thus captured the intellectuals, has never captured the country. At the last election, when the royalists, misled by their strength in Paris, counted upon winning seats all over the country, lost almost every seat that they had gained in the "khaki" election, after the war, and gained nothing at all. Worse than

that, it became quite apparent that wherever they put candidates in the field their insults to the Republic and their deliberately violent and Fascist methods of public action antagonised all the indifferent elements who were inclined to be friendly to the Church. It wrecked the prospects of those who have been laboring for years to build up a solid working class following for the Church. It split the Catholic movement from top to bottom, and made the Catholic minority—who are weak enough even if they were united in face of their enemies—a negligible electoral force.

M. Maurras has for years identified himself completely with the closest connection between Church and State. His supporters had performed vigorous service on behalf of the Church in resisting the anti-clerical laws before the war, and he was always ready to prove that such legislation was an inevitable part of any republican programme. And many of the younger clergy have rallied to him when he has denounced the anti-clerical politicians, and have listened to his pleading that the Church could never be free from persecution until the hereditary tradition of government was re-established in France.

ON WHAT ground, therefore, has M. Maurras thus suddenly been made the object of a formal denunciation by Cardinal Andrieu, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, and even by the Pope himself? There has never been any secret that M. Maurras himself was, and still is, a convinced agnostic. But most of his supporters are in fact devout Catholics. He has even had great churchmen, like the late Cardinal de Cabrières—a distinguished royalist of the old school—included among those who have lectured at the political institute conducted by the *Action Française*. His books have been reprinted again and again, and he has been made the object of a most remarkable joint tribute by almost every notable French writer, from the Communist, Anatole France, to the most conservative Academicians. Why, then, this sudden onslaught upon his teaching?

The explanation has been so freely discussed in the French press that there is no indiscretion in stating the more outstanding facts. The actual denunciation came from Cardinal Andrieu, who of all the French Cardinals is the most conservative and the most autocratic in his own diocese—the least susceptible to any accusation of being politically prejudiced against the *Action Française*. But if Cardinal Andrieu had not

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spoken out, a protest would unquestionably have been launched from some other quarter; for the Holy See has been inundated with protests for months past, and not only from France. One of the immediate causes of his difficulties has been the inexcusable methods habitually adopted by the Action Française in dealing with anyone whom they regarded as an enemy. Calumny of the grossest kind is circulated and printed against every one who even shows sympathy with any of their adversaries. And for some reason the Action Française singled out Cardinal Ceretti, when he was Papal Nuncio in Paris, for a campaign of slander which would have disgraced any political party. It was impossible to ignore the attacks made upon the Papal Envoy, with a scurrility which is one of M. Daudet's chief characteristics in politics; impossible to accept the professions of loyalty to the Church of a party which adopted such an attitude towards one of the greatest and most impartial statesmen of the Church.

THE influence of such propaganda upon the tens of thousands of young Catholics who supported the Action Française was disquieting enough. But it was not only in France that the trouble had arisen. It was not only in Paris and in the French provincial towns that meetings of Catholic republicans were being violently broken up by the organized attacks of the squads of *camelots du roi*. In Belgium the same division of the Catholic forces had become manifest. The Catholic vote was being split on questions where it was all important that the Catholics should stand together. And in the universities there was an alarming evidence of how rapidly M. Maurras was gaining an ascendancy over the minds of the young men. More than a year ago an inquiry was instituted among the students of the Belgian universities to discover whom they regarded as the greatest living philosopher of politics. M. Maurras headed the list, far ahead of all his rivals. The theologians became alarmed; and a similar inquiry among them was instituted as to whether they considered that the doctrines of M. Maurras—based as they are avowedly upon a frankly pagan conception of life and of the State—were dangerous to morals or not. The result was an overwhelming denunciation of M. Maurras and his teaching by the theologians.

This was naturally reported to Rome, where

various complaints and expressions of uneasiness had been converging for some time. The French hierarchy discussed the whole situation, and before long Cardinal Andrieu, having been approached by a group of young Catholics who asked his guidance as to whether the teaching of the Action Française was free from objection or not, launched his now famous manifesto, which was first published in the Cardinal's diocesan organ the *Aquitaine*. A few days after its publication, a letter came from the Pope himself, congratulating the Cardinal upon his plain speaking about the works of M. Maurras, and insisting in the plainest terms upon the danger to young Catholics of accepting M. Maurras as their guide in matters of philosophy. Both the Cardinals and the Pope made it perfectly clear that there was not the least question of condemning the purely political doctrines of the Action Française, and that its members were entirely free to carry on their political propaganda in favor of a monarchy by all legitimate means. But a number of extracts from the recently reprinted books by M. Maurras were quoted by the Cardinal, and have since been alluded to specifically by the Pope, which professed an open contempt for religious doctrine of every kind and insisted upon the need for a political philosophy which would discard all religious doctrine but consolidate all the elements making for stability in the State.

THE immediate sequel to this denunciation by the Cardinal was a furious outburst in the Action Française newspaper. M. Leon Daudet and a number of other Catholic leaders of the movement at once issued a joint manifesto, professing their complete submission to the Pope on all questions of faith and morals and offering to sign any declaration of faith which might be prepared for them. But the denunciation has developed along lines so evidently pre-arranged that the *Croix* newspaper (which, after the first attempt to confine the whole question to its back pages, was compelled to enter the lists openly against its old friends in the royalist movement) has recently stated quite definitely that "we have seen these weighty pronouncements, of unimpeachable authenticity, follow one upon the other with such exceptional rapidity that it is clear that a master hand was directing what many readers had been inclined to regard as a 'campaign', but which was in reality the execution

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of decisions which had been fully prepared and promulgated with unanswerable firmness."

At first some of the local branches of the Action Française issued to their bishops carefully worded replies expressing their absolute devotion to the Holy See, but completely ignoring the question raised in the Cardinal's denunciation. This in turn led to further correspondence from several bishops, appealing to members of the Action Française to face the facts squarely, and while retaining complete liberty to think according to their lights on purely political questions, to realize that they had been misled by their excessive devotion to M. Maurras himself. There has been already an immense output of letters and manifestoes on the whole question. The Pope has not only written to express his approval of Cardinal Andrieu's action, but made detailed reference to the subject in his interview with a deputation of French Franciscan Tertiaries. The *Osservatore Romano* has published numerous contributions to the controversy, underlining certain passages in the various statements by French prelates who have joined in the discussion, and almost expressing disagreement with a pronouncement by Cardinal Maurin, the Archbishop of Lyons, who wished "*que l'affaire en reste là.*"

Two points in connection with the origin and the subsequent developments of the controversy deserve to be noted. It is no secret that Cardinal Andrieu's personal intervention was considerably influenced by the fact that in the Bordeaux region, where the Catholic forces constitute a very vigorous minority, but where they are overwhelmingly outnumbered by the anti-clerical elements, the Action Française played havoc with the Catholic vote at the last general election. The Cardinal himself wished that all Catholics, in view of the probability of an anti-clerical revival (which did in fact materialize immediately after M. Herriot's return to office), should concentrate their support in favor of a list on which the principal candidate was M. Mandel, the former chief lieutenant of M. Clemenceau. The list also included the Abbé Bergey, who since his election has become one of the most successful organizers of the Catholic resistance throughout France. But the Action Française threw its whole energies into defeating this list, even opposing the Abbé Bergey most vehemently in his own district of St. Emilion. M. Mandel was defeated, though the Abbé Bergey managed to win a seat, and the

Left triumphed over the disunion of the Catholic forces. It is lamentable that, since the publication of the Cardinal's letter against M. Maurras, the Abbé Bergey should have been compelled to make a public appeal—expressed with real sympathy and complete absence of political animosity—to certain Catholics of his own district who have withdrawn, or threatened to withdraw, their support from the Catholic schools and other Catholic purposes, as a means of showing their resentment against the Cardinal's intervention.

Not for years has any intervention by ecclesiastical authority created so much consternation and provoked such strong feeling in France. Cardinal Dubois, with his great gifts as a conciliator, has done all in his power to smooth over the asperities of the controversy, expressing his sincere regard for, and personal gratitude to, many of the leading members of the Action Française who have done great service to the Church in its fight against anti-clerical persecution under the Republic. And other bishops have spoken with the same earnest and sympathetic accents, appealing for unity in the Catholic ranks. For the moment, the crisis has certainly accentuated the divisions which have been paralyzing the Catholic movement hitherto. But the crisis could not have been avoided sooner or later. It raises all sorts of complicated issues, involving at once the old royalists and the young intellectual reactionaries, the Catholic republicans, and the whole position of the Church in so far as it is affected by politics.

PERHAPS the most hopeful factor in the situation is the attitude of a newspaper like the *Croix*, which had come very largely under royalist influence in recent years after gradually emerging from the old-fashioned conservatism of its beginnings. The associate editor of the paper, who writes over the signature "Franc," in summing up the whole controversy, deplores all tendency to bitterness on any side, and recalls, with consoling reminiscences, the similar storms which have arisen over Papal interventions within his own memory—which now extends over nearly fifty years of active journalism. And it is significant that he should say that even the furor caused some years ago by the Papal denunciation of the *Sillon* (M. Marc Sangnier's young Catholic republican movement) and by the denunciation of the Modernists, was less overwhelming than that caused—it is difficult to believe it now

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—by Pope Pius X's decree urging the more frequent practice of Holy Communion for children.

THE lapse of years has in each case proved the wisdom of the Pope's intervention, and all trace of ill feeling has long disappeared. May it be the same with this new crisis over the Action

Française. Purged of its more violent and questionable doctrines, the Action Française movement could be diverted into new channels, where it will not run so directly counter to the interests of the Church at a time when there is most urgent need for harmony and union among all the Catholic forces.

The Word of the Cross

The Appeal of Jesus Crucified

THE word "Gospel" has become a technical word and, in consequence, has lost most of its force and freshness. The frequency of its use and the vagueness of its meaning to people of the present day has obscured the fact that its primary meaning in the New Testament is—"the good news or the glad tidings of the Redemption wrought by Christ on the Cross." The Standard Dictionary gives the definition of the word "Gospel"—"Good news or tidings, especially the announcement of salvation through the atoning death of Jesus Christ." This is borne out by the Angels of Bethlehem who first announced the "good tidings of great joy," which was, "This day there is borne to you a *Savior*." (St. Luke: 2/11.)

It is necessary to understand this in order to appreciate the assertion that the essential subject of Apostolic preaching was Jesus Crucified. Then only are we in a position to realize more thoroughly the Great Commission of Christ to His Apostles, "Go ye into the whole world and preach the *Gospel* to every creature." (St. Mark: 16/15.)

He deliberately chose them for this sublime office: He carefully instructed them by prophetic utterances that He *must* die and thus to fulfill all justice—(St. Matthew: 3/15); that the Son of Man came to "give His life a redemption for many." (St. Mark: 10/45.) He kindly prepared them for the shock of the reality of His Passion and Death—all to the end that they might preach the Gospel—the glad tidings of Redemption. He so arranged circumstances, that whether near or afar off, they all knew the facts of His Sufferings and their tragic and bitter end. "Thus it is written," He told them, "and thus it behoved Christ

By FRANCIS SHEA, C. P.

to suffer and to rise again the third day: and that penance and

the remission of sins should be preached in His Name unto all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And you are witnesses of these things." (St. Luke: 24/46-8.) Again He says: "You shall be witnesses unto Me in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and even to the uttermost part of the earth." (Acts: 1/8.) They themselves understood the purpose of their education, for St. Peter, in order to give strength to his utterances and authority to his words, simply states the fact that he was "a witness of the Sufferings of Christ." (1 St. Peter: 5/1.)

As disciples first and then as witnesses, they were able, "when endued with power from on high" (Luke: 24/49) to understand "the eternal purpose of God." "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself (And this He said signifying what death He should die.)" (St. John: 12/32-3.) "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so *must* the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting. For God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son: that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but have life everlasting. For God sent not His Son into the world, to judge the world, but that the world may be saved by Him." (St. John: 3/14-7.)

It is evident then that the mission of the Apostles was to preach the Gospel; to tell every creature that God so loves them that He gave His only-begotten Son; that "the Word of the Cross" is "the power of God bringing salvation to every one that believeth." (Rom.: 1/16.)

That the Apostles fulfilled their commission is

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evident from the very Gospels themselves. Jesus had performed so many wonderful works, that St. John says, "if they were written every one, the world itself, I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written." (*St. John:21/25.*) In spite of their love of, and admiration for, the marvelous, in spite of the shock it would be to Jew and Gentile, the Evangelists related in detail the painful and humiliating death of Jesus of Nazareth, whom they confessed to be "the Christ, the Son of the living God." (*St. Matthew:16/16.*)

CONSIDERED as mere histories or a summary of their preaching, the Gospels prove how important in the life of Christ and how essential in their preaching, was the great tragedy of the God-Man dying on the Cross. Considered as written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they prove that "the eternal purpose of God" is that all men should come to Him through the attraction of the Cross—the appeal of Jesus Crucified. The records of His life on earth—called the Gospels—prove beyond contention that He came into the world to die; that He instructed His Apostles in the necessity and meaning of His Death, that the central act of His religion is a Memorial of His Sacrifice on the Cross and that, therefore, the central and essential subject of Apostolic preaching must be that which will draw all men to the Cross and its Adorable Figure.

There are those who believe that the Apostles in their sermons spoke most frequently and most emphatically of the Resurrection of Christ, because conviction on this point would at the same time convince their hearers that Jesus was, indeed, the Son of the living God and that His Religion is the Light and the Life of men. This objection receives strength from the emphatic words of St. Paul: "If Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God: because we have given testimony against God, that he hath raised up Christ; whom he hath not raised up if the dead rise not again. For if the dead rise not again, neither is Christ risen again, And if Christ be not risen again, your faith is vain, for you are yet in your sins." (*St. Paul:1 Cor. 15/14-7.*)

The answer to the objection or rather an explanation of St. Paul's words, is given by one who has studied the subject thoroughly. "It was the appearance of the Risen One to St. Paul which made him a Christian. What was revealed to

him on the way to Damascus was that the Crucified One was the Son of God, and the Gospel that he preached afterwards was that of the Son of God Crucified. There can be no salvation from sin unless there is a living Savior: this explains the emphasis laid by the Apostle on the Resurrection. But the Living One can only be a Savior because He died: this explains the emphasis laid on the Cross. The Christian believes in a living Lord, or he could not believe at all; but he believes in a living Lord who died an atoning death, for no other can hold the faith of a soul under the doom of sin." (*)

In their method of preaching, the Apostles followed the plan of their own education in the school of their Master. He had instructed them up to the point where St. Peter burst forth into his magnificent confession: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." (*Matt.:16/16.*) "From that time," the Evangelist adds, "Jesus began to show to his disciples that He must go to Jerusalem, and suffer many things from the Ancients and Scribes and Chief priests and be put to death and the third day rise again." (*Matt.:6/21.*) St. Mark also records the result of Peter's confession. "And he began to teach them that the Son of Man must suffer many things and be rejected by the Ancients and by the High-Priests and the Scribes and be killed, and after three days rise again." (*Mark:8/31.*) The Word of the Cross would indeed prove to be a scandal to them unless they were supported by faith in the Divinity of Him Who suffered. It would also have been to the Jews a stumbling block and to the Gentiles foolishness, unless they first heard of "Jesus and the Resurrection." (*Acts:17/18.*) Only the preaching of a Crucified God could save the world. Only so awful a Fact could be a sufficient condemnation of the world's vices and only such an Act of Mercy could give hope to a hopeless world.

WE come now to the actual preaching of the Apostles as recorded in the Acts. Only seven weeks after the Death of Jesus on the Cross, on the Feast of Pentecost, St. Peter preached the first sermon. He spoke to, perhaps, the most cosmopolitan audience ever gathered in one place—"Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and inhabitants of Mesopotamia, Judea, and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, Egypt, and the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews also and proselytes,

* Denny: "The Death of Christ," p. 123.

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Cretes and Arabians." (*Acts:2/9-11.*) Under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost dwelling in him in a special manner as the first Pope, Peter spoke of "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God . . . who being delivered up by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, you by the hands of wicked men have crucified and slain." "Let therefore all the house of Israel know most certainly that God hath made both Lord and Christ this same Jesus whom you have crucified." (*Acts:2/22-3-36.*)

It was the first sermon on the Passion of Christ and "when they heard these things they had compunction in their hearts," and they asked of the Apostles by what means they might be saved. St. Luke says that "there were added in that day about three thousand souls." (*Acts:2/41.*) From that hour, the Apostles realized the prophetic utterance: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself." The gift of tongues enables his vast audience to understand his words, which moved them to compunction and to seek the means of sharing in the Redemption of Christ. Even then it may have been evident to them that this gift would not abide always in the Church, but, if so, it must have been equally evident that the Crucified would always speak the one language that could be understood by all—male or female, Jew or Gentile, bond or free, saint or sinner.

A SHORT time after this occasion the Prince of the Apostles again spoke to a vast and interested audience. Again, he spoke of "Jesus whom you indeed delivered up and denied before the face of Pilate, when he judged that He should be released. But you denied the Holy One and the Just and desired a murderer to be granted unto you. But the Author of life you killed . . . And now, brethren, I know that you did it in ignorance as did also your rulers. But those things which God before had showed by the mouth of all the prophets, *that His Christ should suffer*, He hath so fulfilled." (*Acts:3/13-8.*) This second sermon on the Passion was even more effective than the first, for St. Luke says that "many of them that heard the world believed; and the number of the men was made five thousand." (*Acts:4/4.*)

The occasion of this sermon was the healing of the lame man "at the gate of the temple." (*Acts:3/2.*) In company with John, Peter was arrested by "the priests and the officer of the temple and the Sadduces" and "put in hold till

the next day." Then called upon to explain "by what power or by what name, they had done this," St. Peter, unable to forget his training or the purpose of his preaching declared: "Be it known to you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ of Nazareth, *whom you crucified*, whom God hath raised from the dead, even by Him this man standeth before you whole. *This is the stone rejected by you the builders, which is become the head of the corner.* Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby they must be saved." (*Acts:4/10-2.*) No conversions are said to have resulted from this discourse, but, at least, the audience "knew them that they [the Apostles] had been with Jesus." (*Acts:4/13.*) His teaching and His plan for the salvation of the world were manifest in every word that they uttered. "The Gentiles and the kings of the earth" and "the prince assembled together against the Lord and His Christ" (*Acts:4/25-6*) must necessarily bow before the Crucified in accordance with the Divine Plan "To re-establish all things in Christ" (*Eph.:1/10*) . . . "because in Him, it hath well pleased the Father that *all fulness* should dwell: and through Him to reconcile all things unto Himself, making peace through the Blood of His Cross, both as to the things that are on earth and the things that are in heaven." (*Col.:1/19-20.*)

THE Christians of that day realized that "of a truth there assembled together in this city (Jerusalem) against Thy Holy Child Jesus, whom Thou hast anointed, Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles and the people of Israel, to do what Thy hand and Thy counsel decreed to be done," (*Acts:4/27-8*), yet, instructed in the knowledge of the Crucified, they prayed for the Apostles "that with all confidence they may speak the Word." (*Acts:4/29*). The efficacy of their prayers is revealed by the fact that "the multitude of the men and women who believed in the Lord, was more increased." (*Acts:5/14.*) This aroused the envy of the high priest and his followers and "They laid hands on the Apostles and put them in the common prison." (*Acts:5/17-18*). That night, an Angel of the Lord, opening the doors of the prison and leading them out said: "Go, and standing, speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life." (*Acts:5/19-20.*) (*)

* "The Redemption of Christ, in which is contained a true and happy life."—Knabenbauer in *Act. Apos.*

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Arrested again, the Apostles were accused of having "a mind to bring the blood of this man upon us." And Peter and the Apostles said . . . The God of our Fathers hath raised up Jesus, whom you put to death, hanging Him upon a tree; Him hath God exalted, with His right hand to be Prince and Savior, to give repentance to Israel and remission of sins. And we are *witnesses* of these things." (*Acts:5/29-32.*) The only recorded result is told by St. Luke: "When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart and they thought to put them to death." (*Acts:5/23.*) Only with difficulty did they restrain their feelings and not until Stephen's bold accusation were they moved to action: "Which of the prophets," he said, "have not your fathers persecuted? and they have slain them who foretold the coming of the Just One; of whom you have been now the betrayers and murderers." (*Acts:7/52.*) The fearless Apostles were not dismayed by these results; for where a few were cut to the heart and moved to hatred and revenge for being reminded of their awful sin of deicide, there were thousands who had compunction in their hearts and sought remission of their sins from Him whom they had thoughtlessly wished to be Crucified.

THE facts recorded above are succeeded in the Acts by an incident which has not the character of a sermon but which, nevertheless, is a revelation of the essential subject of Apostolic preaching. "A man of Ethiopia, an eunuch, of great authority under Candace the queen of the Ethiopians, who had charge over all her treasures, had come to Jerusalem to adore. And he was returning, sitting in his chariot, and reading *Isaias* the prophet. And the Spirit said to Philip: 'Go near, and join thyself to this chariot.' And Philip running thither, heard him reading the prophet *Isaias*. And he said: 'Thinkest thou that thou understandest what thou readest?' Who said: 'And how can I, unless some man show me?' And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. And the place of the scripture which he was reading was this: "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb without voice before his shearer, so openeth he not his mouth. In humility his judgment was taken away. His generation who shall declare, for his life shall be taken from the earth?" (*Acts:8/27-33.*)

The quotation from *Isaias* is clearly a Messi-

anic prophecy and refers particularly to the sufferings of the Redeemer. "Then Philip, opening his mouth, and *beginning at this Scripture*, preached unto Him, Jesus" until "he answering, said: I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." With this faith in his heart, he was baptised—that sacrament in which St. Paul says: "We . . . become one with Him in the likeness of His death." (*Rom.:6/5.*)

It remained for the Apostles to preach the Gospel, not only to the Jews and proselytes, but "even to the uttermost parts of the earth." Before St. Peter gives place in the Acts to the great Apostle Paul—the Apostle of the Crucified—we hear him speak to the Gentile, Cornelius, to "his kinsmen and special friends." (*Acts:10/24.*) Again, as always, he speaks of "Jesus of Nazareth" . . . And we are *witnesses* of all things that He did in the land of the Jews and Jerusalem, whom they killed, hanging Him upon a tree." (*Acts:10/39.*) . . . "To Him all the prophets give testimony, that by His Name all receive remission of sins, who believe in Him." (v. 43.)

COMMENTATORS without number have declared that these sermons are not verbatim reports but only synopses of the actual discourses. Again, we reach the conclusion that the Passion of Christ was an essential part of their preaching. It was the Passion of Christ that moved the people to have "compunction in their hearts" and to seek remission of their sins; it was the Passion of Christ, "set up for a sign which shall be contradicted," which was the cause of "the fall and the resurrection of many in Israel" (*St. Luke 2/34*); it was the dividing line between those who had compunction in their hearts and believed and those who "were cut to the heart" and persecuted.

"And the Lord said to Moses: 'Make a brazen serpent and set it up for a sign: whosoever being struck shall look upon it shall live.'" (*Num.:21/8.*) And Jesus said to Nicodemus: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him, may not perish; but may have life everlasting. For God so loved the world, as to give his only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in him, may not perish, but may have life everlasting. For God sent not his Son into the world, to judge the world, but that the world may be saved by him." (*St. John:3/14-7.*)

Laura Mulvaney Revolts

But God Wills Thus and So---

LAURA closed the door of her bedroom, softly. She listened a minute, behind it. If they heard her shutting the door, they would run up to ask her some perfectly idiotic question—the children would. They would pay no attention to the "Resting; please do not disturb" sign that she had hung on the outside of the door.

But no one was following her. She could hear pans rattling in the direction of the kitchen, and her two youngest children quarreling in the nursery. Let them quarrel! She turned the key in the lock and dragged a velvet curtain across the door. She was safe now, for if anyone came to her room, they would mind the sign. As long as they thought she was sleeping, they left her alone. It was only when they could catch her in the act of stealing away that they infringed.

She could relax. But first, she must count her money. She unlocked a secret drawer in the bottom panel of the old bureau and took out a box. She sat down upon the floor and counted the contents of the box—silver and bills, some of which were new but most were soiled and torn. "Dirty money!" said the woman to herself, laughing a little. There was a savings bank-book, too. She made calculations on a piece of paper.

"Fifteen hundred and three dollars and eight cents," she sighed. "Not much for a bust, but I can get away from it all for a little while." At last she could go. She had been saving that money a long time.

She was going to run away, back to New York—not to the girl and young woman she had been before she married Ambrose Mulvaney, for the hands of life's clock can never be turned back, but to the woman she might have been if she had not married 'Brose and gone buried herself in a Middle Western small city and had four children.

"Oh, well," sighed she, beginning to put the money back in the box, "life is what we make it, and I certainly made a mess of mine!" Her husband was satisfied with things as they were. But he had lived always as he lived

now; he had never known the thrill of crowds and big centers, of rush and hectic pleasure. "Early to bed and early to rise" he often quoted. "What else is there to do in a town as dead as this?" Laura asked herself.

She got up, stiffly, and went and stood before a mirror, leaning close to it. She took rouge and other make-up from a box and applied things to her face, carefully. She thought the effect not bad. She smiled at her reflection, trying out that curve of her mouth that her fellow artists had painted in the old days. There; that was better. It did not come so easily to one whose life had been as hers these last eighteen years!

SHE was not so young looking as she knew she would find her friends. She had photographs of them, sent her through the years; they looked what they were—delicatessen, hotel wives who had married male butterflies and had gone on dancing and living without the responsibilities of home and children. They had trim bobbed hair, adroitly penciled eyebrows and arched lips, and ultra fashionable clothes. She would look an alien among them!

She talked to her reflection in the mirror. "As soon as you get to New York," she said, "you'll have to spend some of that hard-saved money putting yourself in shape before any of them see you! . . . It would be a shame to cut off my hair," she mused, after a little more scrutiny of her mirror. She was inordinately vain of her hair. She had kept it long and heavy through all her years of marriage, but it was getting very gray. "I'll have it touched up as soon as I get off the train," she promised herself. "Then, I'll go to a beauty doctor and have her do whatever she can and will with my skin." She'd have to buy clothes, too, before she saw her friends. All that she had—and that Ambrose, her husband, could have understood her buying—were too provincial for New York. "I can't afford more than one or two evening dresses! They'll have to do! And there will be a hole in my savings when I've attended to my hair, my face, and the clothes!"

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She still had her figure to think of, for she was far too stout for the mode. "Dancing will take that off," she smiled. She set the needle on a little, tinkling, muffled phonograph she kept in her room for these snatched periods alone. Laura loved to dance, but it was many years since she had attended a dance or since her husband had danced with her. He said he was too fat and too old—certainly, he was stout. Her two daughters were lovely, graceful dancers. They'd taught her the new steps; and sometimes she practised those up here, when she was "resting."

TODAY she must practice a lot. She kicked back the bedroom rugs and began to pivot to the scraping jazz, her hands on her hips, her head thrown back. She watched herself every time she passed the mirror. She was going to sleep on a day bed in Dorothy Allen's studio. Dorothy was one of her girlhood friends who had never married, and Dorothy had written her that her old friends and other people whom she was to meet danced a great deal: "We go to the dansants in the afternoon, we dance during dinner, and after the theatre we go to supper dances. One needs a dancing partner, so perhaps that is the one reason your husband should come down with you! But we must get a dancing partner for you."

Laura did not show that letter to her husband! He would not have understood Dorothy, or perhaps he would have understood her too well. Ambrose had consented to let Laura go away for a change—she had confided in him none of her plans to recapture her lost youth. If he had known them, or if he had known that she was going away with more money than the small sum he could spare her, he would have forbidden her to go at all. Laura had not told him.

"You can't make a person over," she panted, as she spun about. She must learn to talk while she danced, and she must get over this terrible short-breathedness, else no one would dance with her in New York! . . . "I've been a good wife. And no one can say that I've ever interfered with 'Brose's religion or the way he wanted to bring up his children. But I couldn't make myself over! I'm a woman of the world, a frippery, frothy creature, and all the seriousness and the religion he has tried to force down my throat for the last eighteen years hasn't touched my real char-

acter. I am what I was, and New York will bring me back into my own.

"Ah, well, life is what we make it. The girls are old enough, now, to think for themselves and Junior is coming on. When I get to the old town, I'll work a little mornings and take my sketches to an editor or two, and then when I come back home I'll tell 'Brose I mean to give time to my art, go often to New York, and get myself out of this rut into which I have sunk. From now on, I make my own life . . . and I make it as I want it to be!"

The record had run out. Laura, heated and gasping, turned off the needle. How dizzy she was! She staggered to the bureau and groped for her spectacles. Spectacles! She laughed, mirthlessly, and fitted them over her ears. There were women, she knew, who would not be seen in glasses like hers if they fell in the street tripping along without them! But the doctor had ordered them, and Ambrose had told the oculist to fit her with spectacles and only spectacles. Ambrose decided things like that. She'd have to take along her prescription and get a pair of nose glasses, as inconspicuous as possible, out of the savings, as soon as she reached New York.

That fifteen hundred dollars would not last long! And it had taken her years to accumulate it, extracting it penny by penny and half dollar by half dollar, by stealth, from her household allowance! Even she could not have faced the storm if ever Mulvaney had found her out! She dragged herself to her bed and lay down. She ached from that little period of dancing exercise, her head throbbed from the turning without her glasses, and she was nervous. "I need the change and recreation more than any of them dream," she said, as she pulled a coverlet over her. Soon she was fast asleep.

WHEN she awoke, there was no sun left in the bedroom. She slipped out of bed, stretched and yawned. "Only about fourteen hours more," she said aloud. She was getting away in the morning. She twisted her heavy hair carelessly, and creamed the make-up off her face. Then she took an old flowered dress from her untidy clothes closet and pulled it over her head. It had a spot on the front, but she didn't care. All her decent clothes were packed for the morrow.

She unlocked her door and slouched down

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to the lower floor. She would go out onto the porch overlooking the orchard and have a few minutes alone there, drinking in the unkempt beauty of the yard, before Ambrose or the children came trooping home for supper.

WHEN she stepped out upon the sagging porch, she saw her second oldest daughter on the steps, crying. Laura tried to withdraw into the house but the child had heard her.

"Oh, mother!" she wailed.

Laura sighed and went over to her. "For heavens' sake, don't bawl like a baby!" she cried impatiently. "What is the matter with you? Have you failed in school again?"

"Oh, mother, it's much worse than that!" sobbed the girl.

Laura slumped to the step beside her fifteen-year-old daughter. "Tell mother," she encouraged, half-heartedly.

"That terrible Sterling boy—I went driving with him this afternoon . . . without asking . . ."

"And you don't want me to tell your father," finished Laura. "Or else you want me to protect you, if he finds it out. How you girls do use your mother!"

"It's worse than that!" wailed the girl. Laura's heart missed a beat. "I—I smoked a cigarette, mother! I smoked two!"

"Is that all?" Laura asked, sharply.

"Yes, mother. I was so sick, I couldn't smoke another!"

"What happened, then?"

"He brought me home . . . and he said . . . he'd never take me . . . riding any more!"

The orchard swam back before Laura's eyes. She stroked the rumpled young head upon her breast. "Well, Monica, you are an advanced female!" she sighed. "Smoking at fifteen! You'd better not let your father find it out! And you have been told never to go anywhere without asking permission!"

"I did go upstairs, but the sign was on your door."

"You should not have gone, then. Tomorrow, I'll be in New York. Are you going riding with some other terrible boy—and smoke more cigarettes?"

"Oh, no, mother! Never again! Can you forgive me? And you won't tell father?"

"Not this time," Laura promised her.

Monica kissed her. "You're wonderful,

mother!" she cried. "I wish you wouldn't go to New York! Why do you leave us?"

"Because," said Laura, harshly, "life is what we make it and I'm tired to death of mine! I'm going away to begin and make another life for myself!"

"Well," said Monica, "father says and Father Walsh says that God shapes things for us. Everything's His will. It's God's will you married father and came to live in a little town like this instead of New York, and have us four children and no money. It's God's will people get old and die—"

"Hush!" cried Laura. "You're a little parrot! 'God's will, God's will!' I hear nothing else from your father and you children!"

"Well, mother," cried the child, "we're Catholics! What else can you expect? We know you can't change things that are in store for you! You just have to do your best whatever happens!"

"Stop it!" cried Laura, passionately. "Life is what you make it! I'm going to begin tomorrow to make mine different! Nothing can stop me!"

HER oldest daughter came around a corner of the house. "I suppose," she snapped, at sight of the two sitting on the steps, "Monica has told you about this afternoon, so you won't hear it from anybody else! Well, Bobby Sterling, the sneak, has told everyone Ambrose Mulvaney's fifteen-year-old daughter went riding with him this afternoon and smoked a whole package of his cigarettes! You're going to get what Junior got from father!"

Monica clutched her mother, convulsively. "No, no, no!" she cried, wildly. "Don't let him, mother, don't let him!"

"Don't let him what?" Laura said, her arms around Monica, but her eyes wide on the older girl's face.

The girl shrugged and came and sat down with them. "Oh, of course you don't know," she sighed. "I ran upstairs to tell you, but the sign was on your door and you would say I had awakened you and given you a nervous headache, and things would be all at sixes and sevens for a week . . . and maybe you could not have prevented it, anyway!"

"Prevented what?" shrilled Laura.

"Father horsewhipped Junior. Like an irate parent in the movies. Took him out into the garage and lashed him. Junior," she explained,

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brutally, "stole two dollars out of father's purse and got caught at it!"

"My God!" whimpered Laura. Junior, her only son, thirteen, rough, sullen, shy, and utterly loveable! She beat her hands together. "Why didn't you knock on the door!"

"I don't suppose it would have made any difference," said Mary. "Father can't understand how Junior could do that, and he punished him the way his father punished him when he did wrong. It made a fine man out of Dad; maybe it will out of Junior!"

"But you don't understand Junior's side in this, mother! We don't have a cent of allowance. Junior wanted a football suit. All the other boys have them. You wouldn't let Junior earn money to buy one—you said you wouldn't have a son of yours cutting other people's lawns and running errands for a grocer—and father hasn't enough money to go round. He tries but you know you manage the household money so there's a shortage of food, and we've all got big appetites, and he's always saying he doesn't know where the money goes to!"

The household accounts! Hot blood rushed into Laura's face and she covered it with her hands.

"Now you're going off to New York and leave us," added Mary, bitterly. "Well, Junior's been horsewhipped! I don't suppose he'll ever take money, again. He'll do something else!"

"Here he comes," whispered Monica. "Don't let on we've told, mother."

BUT Junior knew! His hurt young eyes glowered at the group and his pitiful young mouth was drawn down at the corners. "You've told her all about it!" he accused, his voice breaking in the upper register.

"Where you going, son?" Laura asked, trying to keep her tone even.

"I'm going in and get father's gun and shoot myself!"

"I wouldn't. Not in the parlor. Makes such a messy job!"

"I'll take it back to the garage, then!" But he threw himself on the porch couch. "I wish I was dead!" he sobbed. He threw one arm over his face and the sleeve dragged back from his wrist.

"My God!" whimpered Laura again, and stuffed her hand into her mouth, that she might

not scream outright. There were welts from the whip on his forearm.

AND every welt of the whip was upon her heart. "Son," she said, unsteadily, "mother trusts you. She knows, without asking, that you never did it before and that you will never do it again."

"He said a Catholic boy—"

"Your father must not blame himself," went on Laura, clenching and unclenching her hands. "He is a good man. Your mother is not a Catholic—and there's where all the evil started! Children get more from a bad mother than they do from a good father!"

"Mother, you *are* good!" protested Monica, stoutly. "When you go to New York—"

New York! Suddenly Laura noticed that the orchard was quite shadowy. She blinked her eyes. Why, it was almost night!

"I'm not going," she said, shaking herself. "I'll talk to your father about money when he comes in. I think I have a way," she said, suddenly, "to—better the management of the household accounts—and give each of you a small allowance, too."

Why not? If her little boy could take the lashing of a horsewhip that left welts on his flesh, could not she own up to her systematic thieving of years and take the blows of a lashing tongue—if it lashed?

Crickets were singing in the orchard. She noted that Monica and Mary had tears in their eyes. Or were those her own tears, through which she looked at her daughters?

"Mother," cried Mary, "you mean you are going to give up your trip to New York and give us that money father has for you! But you mustn't do that! You've wanted so badly to go back! I'm old enough to take your place, mother, and I will. Please go!"

Laura got up, heavily. "You can't take my place, dear," she said. "Burdens are made for us, and our own shoulders must bear our own burdens. I've tried for years to shirk . . . but there! I couldn't get away with it! What is to be will be . . ."

Her voiced trailed, and she stood frowning.

"You're talking like father, now!" exulted Monica. "And it always turns out for the best—doesn't it, mother? Doesn't it?"

Laura laughed, and there was a curve in her mouth that fellow artists had painted in in the days of her youth. "I believe it does!" she agreed.

The Antonia: *The Sixth Chapter in the Highway of the Cross*

THE next stage on the Highway of the Cross trodden by our Lord brought Him to the Pretorium, or residence of the Roman governor of Judea, and indeed face to face with that high official.

The *Turris Antonia*—Tower of Antony—was situated at the north-eastern corner of the city, and on a plateau higher than that which supported the temple building. Its two southern towers and connecting wall were in contact with the north-western site of the sacred precincts, which they overlooked. The site was that of an ancient citadel, the last held by the Syrians in the valiant days of the Machabees. These pontiff-princes made it a kind of palace, known as *birch*, or *baris* in the Greek fashioning of the name, and in its treasury were kept the vestments and ornaments, rich with precious stones, which the high priest wore on solemn festival days, symbols of nationality and religion.

When Pompey led the Roman army from Damascus to Jerusalem in B. C. 65, the last stand of the unfortunate Aristobulus was made here. But it owed the fulness of its size and strength to Herod the Great. He increased the area by earthworks on the north side, cased with marble some of the inclines, and on the broad level above built four square towers, eighty-seven feet high, which guarded a palace small indeed, but rich with Greek beauty of mosaic, and fountain, and rare plants. Then he named it Antonia (B. C. 31) in compliment to Mark Antony, he who disputed and lost the empire of the world to Octavius Cæsar.

When Palestine became a Roman province, A. D. 8, the Procurators took possession of Antonia, and henceforth the garrison holding Jerusalem resided there. It was at its porch or vestibule that our Lord was handed over, manacled for death, by the authorities of His own nation to pagan Rome.

The fifth Procurator, Pontius Pilate, came to Palestine in A. D. 25. A Sammite by race, and of only equestrian rank, he seems to have owed his position to his marriage with Claudia Procla, a member of the patrician race which had come into the empire with Tiberius. His authority was indeed superior to that of his predecessors, for in addition to the financial administration he

BY PLACID WAREING, C. P.

had supreme judicial power, even of life and death. He was severe and could be cruel, but not unjust; at least not so by nature. He was upright and firm in administration. The Jews knew no bribe could reach him, though threats could and did. Of his religion we know nothing. He probably believed in the fates of his imperial master, Tiberius, and in his own propitious star. His one aim was advancement in office, and herein lay his weakness, for promotion depended on the favor of the Emperor, and this was now wavering.

With a want of tact, rare with those whom Rome placed over subject peoples, Pilate had thrice wounded the religious susceptibilities of the Jews. One of these had occasioned bloodshed, the other had brought reprimand upon himself. Consequently he was hated by the populace. His official residence and the headquarters of the legion at his command were at Cæsarea, the splendid harbor of the Mediterranean constructed by Herod the Great. Other governors, when they came up to Jerusalem, had occupied Herod's great palace on Mount Sion, but Pilate thought himself safer in Antonia: besides his soldiers were there. It was close to the temple, and from its height he could quickly and effectively quell any tumult.

THE solemnity of the Pasch, lasting for eight days, and bringing an enormous crowd of many nationalities to the Holy City, made it prudent for the governor to be in residence, and Pilate had come with a whole cohort, 600 men, marshalled in three maniples, each gathered to its own ensign, a lance bearing aloft the medallion of the emperor, and each under the immediate command of two centurions. At Cæsarea he was kept informed by spies in the underworld of intrigue of what was happening in the provinces of the Procuratorship—Judea, Samaria, and Idumea. Pilate had, therefore, often heard of Jesus of Nazareth, of His journeyings and preaching, of the excitement and enthusiasm of the people, of the opposition and malice of the scribes and priests. On his arrival in the city he must have learned that the conflict had come to a crisis, and that the new prophet was in danger of His liberty, perhaps of His life. Hence he must now

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be prepared for any emergency that a difficult situation would probably evoke.

Ordinarily Roman judges did not hold their sittings till the third hour of the day, our nine o'clock, but long before this time messengers had arrived from the Sanhedrin, and soon after the sentinels at Antonia perceived the crowd coming from Caiphas' palace across the valley, and mounting to the higher ground; some of the scribes and princes of the people with their attendants; a company of the temple guard in charge of the condemned; then other servants from the palace, and a multitude gathered from the now awakened city. They came slowly, for the ascent was steep; in some places steps were cut into the solid rock. At length all reached the high level, and the sentinels remained on guard outside the vestibule of the palace.

THE Procurator had given orders; he would receive the deputation and hear the case in the atrium, a court paved with red-colored stone; here was the *bema*, a wooden tribune with the *sella*, the official seat of a magistrate. The Jews, however, refused to cross the threshold of Antonia, lest they should incur legal defilement—the result of an Israelite's entering a pagan dwelling—and thus be debarred from taking part in the Paschal solemnity. Pilate was too experienced to take offence at Jewish customs or religious scruples; besides he perceived that the situation was grave

and dangerous. So he crossed the court, silently saluting the centurion and guard. As he was not pro-consul he had no lictors bearing the fasces or curule chair of ivory and gold, but he represented Rome, and he was conscious that Rome meant for her peoples mastery and justice. He

passed through the vestibule beneath the great central arch to where the Jews were standing, and coldly surveyed them. Then his eyes fell upon their prisoner. He had often heard of Him, and now he saw Him—a captive, deserted, helpless and condemned, evidently weak to exhaustion, His clothing and head-dress stained and torn, His hair dishevelled, iron manacles on His hands and an iron chain round His neck in token of the death sentence; His face one great sorrow, and withal a calmness and beauty, as a surrounding halo, which at once arrested him and filled his stern heart with pity. He turned to the Sanhedrin deputation, challenge in his eyes, and ignoring the hint of the manacles, frigidly asked, not what punishment they demanded, but "What accusation bring you against this man?"

Accepting his gage, they fenced, replying that if He were not a malefactor they would not have brought Him there. Stung by their rudeness, he told them

with all the imperiousness of his character to take Him themselves and judge Him according to their law. They had already done this, but their power to punish was limited to



CHRIST COMMANDS TRIBUTE TO CAESAR

Then the Pharisees going, consulted among themselves how to ensnare Jesus in His speech. And they sent to Him their disciples with the Herodians, saying: Master, we know that Thou art a true speaker, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest Thou for any man: for Thou dost not regard the person of men. Tell us, therefore, what dost Thou think, is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not? But Jesus knowing their wickedness, said: Why do you tempt Me, you hypocrites? Show me the coin of the tribute. And they offered Him a penny. And Jesus saith to them: Whose image and inscription is this? They say to Him: Caesar's. Then He saith to them: Render, therefore, to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and to God, the things that are God's.—(ST. MATTHEW: 22/15-21.)

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scourging and excommunication, and they wanted death. To force his hand they passed from a religious to a civil offence. "We have found this man perverting our nation and forbidding to pay tribute to Cæsar and saying that He is Christ the King." Pilate knew that the two first items were false, but "Christ" puzzled him with its sacred and endearing significance in Palestine, and "King" alarmed him with its suggestion of open treason.

He made a sign to his officers, crossed the court, and in a few moments he and our Lord were alone together in one of the apartments. He asked about His kingdom, and was told that it was not of Judea or of this world at all. Our Lord answering Pilate's thoughts rather than his words sent gleams of light through his dark soul. At length He said: "For this was I born, and for this came I into the world that I should give testimony to the truth. Everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice." Pilate replied: "What is truth?" Then driven by some strange fear, he suddenly rose and returned to the Jews. When our Lord had been placed at his side in charge of a centurion, in dead silence he delivered his sentence: "I find no cause in Him." In an instant the hush was broken by a fierce outcry—demands for justice, protestations, and angry cries for immediate pronouncement of the death sentence.

Pilate was startled and alarmed. The demeanor of our Lord, calm, even majestic, under its weight of sorrow, his sense of justice, his very pride urged him to hold his ground, and he was wondering how he could extricate himself from the trouble, when he caught the words: "He stirreth up the people, teaching through all Judea beginning from Galilee to this place."

"Galilee!" Pilate saw his chance and availed himself of it. The Roman law empowered him to remove a case from the locality of the crime to the locality of the criminal's birth or origin. The ruling prince of Galilee, Herod Antipas, was actually in Jerusalem. He would send the prophet of Nazareth to him; thus he would free himself from all responsibility, get rid of these importunate Jews, and pay a delicate compliment to Herod, whose friendship he did not then possess.

In a few words he gave the necessary order. As he returned, happy in his device and with a smile on his face, he little thought that Herod would be quite as clever as himself—that his scheme would fail, that the storm would gather again and burst over him with such violence that it would sweep away pity and break down justice, and overwhelming him with the undying infamy that makes him "the scarlet figure of history," and is daily expressed by millions in the words: "Suffered under Pontius Pilate."



CHRIST'S FIRST TRIAL BEFORE PILATE

And Pilate asked Him, saying: Art Thou the king of the Jews? But He answering, said: Thou sayest it. And Pilate said to the chief priests and the multitudes: I find no cause in this man. But they were the more earnest, saying: He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Judea, beginning from Galilee to this place. But Pilate hearing Galilee, asked if the Man were of Galilee. And when he understood that He was of Herod's jurisdiction, he sent Him away to Herod, who was also himself in Jerusalem in those days. And Herod seeing Jesus was very glad; for he was desirous of a long time to see Him because he had heard many things of Him; and he hoped to see some sign wrought by Him. And he questioned Him in many words. But He answered him nothing. And the chief priests and the scribes stood by, earnestly accusing Him. And Herod with his army set Him at nought, and mocked Him putting on Him a white garment, and sent Him back to Pilate.—(ST. LUKE: 23/3-11.)

Lobsters and Souls

An Interview with Father Machen of Miscou

"O," SAID the Editor to me, "away down to New Brunswick, Canada. You will find down there good material for an article. I want you to study things at first hand and write them for THE SIGN."

"How far from Union City is this place?" I asked.

"Let me see now. . . . it's an island on the extreme east coast of New Brunswick, nearly a thousand miles," he said as laconically as if he were telling me how far was the Bronx from Staten Island.

"A thousand miles!" I gasped. "You want me to go a thousand miles to get local color for an article for THE SIGN?"

"Why not?" he asked, in a somewhat aggressive manner. "The material is there and we want it. I feel sure the readers of THE SIGN will enjoy such an article as I have in mind. And we are going to do all we can to give it to them."

So I left, to go nearly one thousand miles in search of the material for this article. And my journey was a very pleasant one: along the Hudson, by Lake Champlain, down the St. Lawrence in Canada, with a glimpse of Montmorency Falls in passing. Then, just before coming into the Province of New Brunswick which was my destination, I passed through the Metapedia Valley. The narrow river from which the valley takes its name was studded with small green islands, on which grew tall, arching elms which shaded sportsmen's bungalows. On the shores of the small islands could be seen near the water's edge canoes and row-boats; and at intervals we quickly passed canoes anchored out in the river with a solitary fly fisherman trying his luck with salmon.

At Bathurst I left the Ocean Limited, which was the first change I had made since leaving Montreal, a distance of about five hundred miles. And after a rather rough ride in a local train I arrived at Shippegan, a tiny village of about three hundred souls. I was told after I had taken dinner that the ferry would be leaving at one o'clock. Now the word ferry brought to my mind visions of the large boats that cross from Barclay Street, New York, to Hoboken, and the still larger ones that go to Staten Island—ferries cap-

By B. J. MURDOCH.

able of accommodating hundreds of passengers and many automobiles. I knew the boat that was to take me from Shippegan would not at all compare with the lordly craft of the Hudson, yet I was scarcely prepared to find such a tiny vessel; or rather I should say two such tiny vessels, for two boats make up the ferry; the crew of both crafts consisted of one man, who stayed in the little six and a half horse-power gasoline boat which towed the scow or floater.

I was to make the last eighteen miles of my journey by automobile, and was accompanied by a young English-speaking chauffeur (nearly all the people hereabouts are Acadians and speak French). As we drew near the slip I learned that we were to board the scow and as I looked at the small low craft, I felt just the least bit apprehensive; for it was a very roughly built craft about thirty feet long and ten feet wide with a water-tight deck and low railing; the deck was just twelve inches above the level of the water, and was now wet from the splashing of the waves.

AS WE reached the scow the driver told me it could carry only two automobiles, one ahead of the other; two cars could not go abreast. Presently our car was being made fast to the deck, so that it could not be washed overboard. The apprehension grew. We moved out slowly, the driver and I seated in the car. And I experienced a soft springy feeling as the flat bottomed craft followed its chugging leader. The rope that held us in tow had almost as many knots in it as there are buttons on a priest's cassock. But as we left the harbor for the strait, the motion of our floater was not so smooth; the sea became choppy and the waves buffeted the sides of the small vessel and broke in tiny drops of spray over the deck. My companion did not seem to mind this, so I took it as one of the ordinary experiences of crossing to Shippegan Island which was the first stage of our journey. But as we went I marvelled at the primitive means of conveyance. Yet my way of looking at it did not coincide with the chauffeur's. For he said, "Pretty good service we have here now." I

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started a little, inwardly, but outwardly I tried to appear calm.

"Yes?" I said quietly.

"Yes," he repeated with some enthusiasm, "why, only a few years ago there were no approaches or slips, and then the boat used to run in shore as far as she could go and when the scow was grounded the cars would sometimes reach the shore through the water, and sometimes they would get stuck fast in the sand of the shore and have to be hauled out with a team of horses. That never happens now. Pretty good service here now, and we owe it all to Father Machen."

"To Father Machen?" I questioned.

"Yes," said the lad; "he just kept at the Government till they gave us the approaches. There's a priest who has done a lot of good at Miscou. I don't know what the people there would do if he were moved."

I SAID nothing for a little, yet I was pleased to hear him speak so of Father Machen, for it was he whom I had come to interview. There were many things with which he was at least remotely connected that were to furnish some of the material for this article.

"She's been giving some good service this summer," continued my guide, "except during a few heavy storms. She has been off the route only three days this summer, and that was when the excise men seized her because they heard she had been rum-running. But nothing was proven against her."

We now changed to a zig-zag course which reminded me of the tactics of the convoys that, during the late war, accompanied the troop ships across the ocean. They had done this in order to prove a less easy mark for submarines. I could not see why our course was thus deflected; for, once we had changed it, waves began to wash right over our deck.

"Why do we zig-zag so?" I asked the chauffeur, who seemed quite cool and not at all apprehensive.

"She's dodging the bars and shoals," he said.

Comparatively speaking, all went well until we had gone two-thirds of our way and were about a half mile from the first stage of our destination, when something happened in the little gasoline boat and I saw our ferryman jump up, shut off the power and throw the anchor.

It was half an hour before we were ready to

proceed. The coupling on the driving shaft had broken and the propellor had almost slipped into the sea. The ferryman himself did the repairing of the shaft and did not seem to be the least bit excited, taking it all in the day's work. Just before disembarking he came aboard our scow, reached out his hand and I paid him the fee—one dollar.

QUICKLY we crossed Shippegan Island and in less than half an hour we were on another ferryboat of similar construction, crossing Miscou Harbor. Again the fee was one dollar. We were now on Miscou Island, my destination, which is about nine miles long and six wide. Here lived Father Machen, parish priest of Miscou, the only priest on the island, a man of Scotch descent, whose ministry was to the French settlers, known as Acadians. This parish was considered the hardest, poorest and loneliest in the diocese of Chatham. And every young curate about to be given a parish when coming to the bishop to receive his appointment dreaded the ordeal, fearing to hear that one word which meant for him banishment to Siberia—"Miscou!" Before Father Machen had gone to Miscou, parish priests had not stayed very long there. But up to the time of the writing of this article Father Machen had been there fourteen years, to the wonder and astonishment of his brother priests. During that time he had been offered three better established and more easily served parishes; but he had refused all three.

We passed along the way many quaint little houses and strangely constructed out-buildings. Often there were no chimneys of brick or clay in the houses and the low roofs of the little dwellings were pierced by a few feet of ordinary six-inch stove-pipe. Along the road small flocks of sheep scurried quickly from before us. The driver remarked to me that, before Father Machen came, there was not a sheep on the island. We passed farm vehicles of different descriptions, and once an ox yoked to a farm cart drawing what appeared to be a small load of hay. When he came almost opposite us I saw that it was not hay but dried cod-fish stacked high in the cart.

The roads were in excellent condition having been topped with beach gravel and sea sand, and they were almost as hard as pavement. They had not always been so good, but shortly after Father Machen came there was a change and they had been steadily improving, my guide informed me.

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WE CAME to a turn in the road and then appeared a large white church with the great blue tumbling sea for background. Father Machen was out in the fields working, his old housekeeper told me. And after I had deposited my grip on a chair in his hall, I went in the direction she pointed out. In a few minutes I came to a field with a man in it driving a horse hitched to a plow. But where was the priest? I went nearer to seek information of the man when I stopped in surprise; the workman was Father Machen, dressed in a suit of black overalls, though wearing his Roman collar. On his head was a large rough straw hat of the style known amongst the natives as "cow's breakfast."

He was a short stout man with very red cheeks and a pair of the merriest blue eyes I have ever seen. His chin was square, his jaws large and strong, and mouth very firm; he had scarcely any nose. His brown hair was exceptionally long and very curly. He was in his early forties. Throwing the reins over the horse's back he came towards me with a very pleasant friendly smile, and my hand actually pained in his firm grip. When he learned my mission and who had sent me he smiled a little enigmatically; and then said quickly, "Well, I think we'll call it a day."

Our supper that evening consisted of fried mackerel fresh from the sea—and there is a great difference between mackerel fresh from the sea and our fresh mackerel of the fish stands—some fried potatoes, wild bramble-berrie jelly, hot biscuits and home-made bread. All through the meal the priest beamed with hospitality and good humor. Later we sat out looking towards the northwest across the Baie des Chaleurs to the hills of the Gaspé coast which looked magnificent in the almost level rays of the sun setting beyond them. To the east of us rolled the great Atlantic.

We talked of many things, but principally of life in a large city. He wished to know many things about New York. And I told him all that he wished to know, for presently I would be questioning him. He seemed greatly interested in my description of the ferries that ply back and forth across the Hudson and he marvelled at the thought of going under the Hudson in the cars of the subway. In a little while there came that lull in the conversation for which I was waiting. Then very quietly I began the work the Editor of *THE SIGN* had sent me to do.

"How long have you been in Miscou, Father?" I asked.

"About fourteen years," he said, and a remin-

iscent look came into his bright blue eyes and, as he continued, remained there for a little while. "Fourteen years!" he repeated. "How quickly they pass. It seems but three or four years since I came here, my spirits very low, though somewhat comforted by the thought that my stay here would not be very long; yet here I have remained, envied by no man, and during the years the bishop has very kindly offered me three different parishes; one of them very pleasantly situated—the ideal parish. Now, why have I refused?" he asked as his eyes smiled at me.

This was one of the things I had come to learn, so I thought it better to remain silent.

"This is the question I am asked by many confrères at every annual retreat. Some of them are a little displeased with me. They think that soon the bishop will become tired offering me parishes and will decide to let me remain here."

He ceased speaking for a little and then a very pleasant light danced in his merry eyes as he added, "Then, while I lived, there would be no Siberia to disturb the thoughts of eligible curates."

AGAIN he was silent for a while and I looked far away across the twenty-mile wide bay at Chaleurs to where the glory of the setting sun was tipping the hills of Gaspé. Just the faintest sound of the moaning sea came to me, which intensified the eternal silence of the place. A strange unfamiliar loneliness began to settle over every nerve in my body, so that I felt if it were decreed that I remain in the place fourteen years I should fear losing my reason. It was then with no great strain of the imagination that I understood his next remark:

"For months after I came here, every evening there used to come over me sentiments almost akin to melancholy. They affected me strangely. I had always been sociable and greatly enjoyed a little chat. The first winter I passed here I became so morbid that I dreaded the sound of the door bell. I did not wish to meet anyone. I wished to be alone. And always as I went about my work, I cheered myself with the thought that the bishop never kept anyone very long at Miscou and the next move could not be worse than the present one. But one day early in spring I visited the school and found it literally packed with children. There were at least one hundred-and-twenty pupils in a small building twenty-four by sixteen feet. The need for a new school was urgent. It was necessary also to build a church

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and house at Island River. The work called for lumber, for they would be frame buildings. It is a difficult and expensive undertaking, as you may very well imagine, to bring lumber from the mills of the mainland to any place on this island. It would cost the congregation quite a lot of money, yet the need for both church and school was imperative. All during that spring an idea kept coming and going in my mind. Then when the ice cleared from the shores and all the offing was blue again, something happened to transform the idea into a determination, and before the summer came a little sawmill buzzed down here by the sea and we sawed, edged and trimmed our own lumber. It was a very good mill. We had a first-class rotary, lathe machine and shingle machine. Our first act was to saw out all the lumber for the school. Before the snow came again a relatively large school fifty by fifty feet was standing near the old one.

WHAT crystallized the idea I had of building the sawmill, was the appearance along the shore of the island of great numbers of saw logs which had drifted away from booms far away at different points along the mainland. It would cost the owners too much money to come to collect these logs and tow them back to the mills, so nothing was ever done about these drifted logs. I asked the men of the congregation to collect the logs on their shores and put them on landings. I went to Caraquet, had a long talk with the manager of the bank there, and the upshot of it was a loan sufficiently large to pay for the machinery and erection of the mill. In a few years it paid for itself. The people all over the island brought logs to be sawed into long lumber, lathes and shingles. New buildings were erected and many old ones repaired. The little mill proved a veritable godsend to the people, and in many ways they showed their gratitude and appreciation. In the fall we sawed out all the lumber for the new church at Island River and the following spring we began the building. My mind was so occupied with plans for the church and ways and means for its erection that I had no time to be lonely.

"During the following winter while making the visit of my parish—a visit that is always made in French parishes between Christmas and Epiphany—I saw other means of materially helping the people. I noticed on the floors of the houses gaily colored mats of strange pattern and design; they were all home-made, and known among the

people as 'hooked mats.' In a number of houses there were mats yet in the making and were now in their large racks or frames standing against the wall. I had often seen the women making the mats. Burlap a little larger than the proposed mat was placed in a large wooden frame and stretched. The frame was then placed across the backs of chairs and the design of the mat traced on the burlap. Old pieces of cloth, old sugar bags, odds and ends of every description and material of cloth were dyed and colors chosen for the mat. Then in the long winter evenings the women of the house sat about the frame and with one hand darted long steel hooks down through the burlap and pulled back little pieces of the cloth held in the other hand beneath the burlap. Slowly the mat took on its color, design and shape.

"The previous fall an American sportsman, who had been here goose-shooting, had seen one of the hooked mats in my hall and he was so charmed with its appearance and workmanship that he was determined to have it. I offered it to him, but he would not accept it gratis. I was obliged to accept \$12.00 for it. When my visit to the parishioners was finished I wrote to the sportsman, who by the way has a large business in New York, asking him if he could find a market for hooked mats in his city. He could and he did, and since then every little while a large bundle of hooked mats leaves this little parish for New York. The people are very well paid for them. Before this little industry started I had difficulty in keeping the young girls at home. Every fall after the lobster canning season was over they would leave for the cities to do domestic service. I wished to keep them at home.

"The following winter knitting machines were installed in the houses, but the previous summer I found it necessary to interest the men in sheep raising in order to have the wool to make the yarn for the knitting. This was a very easy task for the mill had proved such a blessing they had faith in my plans. We have now large flocks of sheep upon the island. You can readily understand, having people so eager to coöperate with me, I soon became very interested in my work, and when the bishop's first offer came I could not see my way clear to accept.

“THERE was yet one thing more, materially speaking, that I wished to do for my people. This is a great lobster country. Years ago they were so plentiful that the men could step into the

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water, a pitchfork in hand, and toss the lobsters up onto the beach. Now they are not quite so plentiful as then, yet they are still quite numerous. When I first came here, the nearest lobster factory was at Shippegan and this was operated by a large company from the Miramichi district. Every spring many of the girls just back from domestic service in cities would again leave for the factories. I did not consider this a good thing for the girls, so the third spring I was here we built our own lobster factory and now our girls stay at home at night and go to the factory in the morning.

"In the beginning we canned lobsters only, but now we can the different fish in season as well as blue berries, beach berries and marsh apples. The demand for our products is greater than our supply. Our lobsters and clams are widely known. With the introduction of the industries the people became more prosperous, and—some of the profits find their way to the collection plate and indirectly to the pastor; so you see it is not so poor a parish as it once was. Perhaps this is the reason I stay on."

"Perhaps!" I echoed, yet I felt somehow that there were stronger ties than these. And in the course of the few days I remained with him I think I discovered them.

I scarcely slept that night. Everything was so intensely quiet, and my mind was so busy thinking of the things Father Machen had told me, yet glad that soon I was to leave this solitude for the waving, flitting lights and the pounding, crashing noises of old New York. Yet once I actually laughed as I lay quiet trying to sleep, and that was when I recalled the reason for Father Machen wearing his hair so long. He had told me that the nearest barber-shop was at Shippegan, and even by leaving his car at Lamèque and crossing the last ferry as a foot passenger it cost him more than three dollars before his hair was cut. He, being as I have already said of Scotch descent, decided to put off the evil day as long as possible, so his hair grew quite long at times.

TOWARDS the dawn, when I had become so tired I was sinking into a deep slumber, I heard the first sound since I retired. It was somewhat similar to the gong of an ambulance, though the clanging was not repeated in such quick succession. In the morning, as the priest and I set out in his little Ford for the lobster factory, he asked me if I had heard the doctor passing towards morning. I was about to say I had not, when

I remembered the gong, and when I mentioned this I was told it was the doctor's bell.

THE doctor resided at Shippegan; and was the only one within an area of twenty square miles. It cost quite a lot to have him come to Miscou; so much that he was brought only in cases of child-birth, and then it cost the father the sum of sixty dollars, a large sum to the poor. Before Father Machen came to Miscou the doctor had often made his visits and no one outside the immediate relatives had been the wiser. Father Machen had suggested to the doctor to carry a bell on his car in summer and around the horse's neck in winter, then when returning from his sick-call people needing the advice of a physician and hearing the bell coming along the road could have the doctor stop and give them service at a greatly reduced fee.

We went quickly along the excellent road, and as we did, little children came running to the doors to bow reverently to the priest. Teamsters passing along the way turned their horses right into the ditch and took their hats or caps off and held them in their hands. I had never seen such evidence of reverence for a priest.

Just before we reached the lobster factory, which was a large white wooden structure with a roof painted black, I heard a great "honk, honk" coming from far out on the water, and as I looked in the direction, I saw literally thousands of wild geese swimming about. Father Machen told me that thousands and thousands of geese come to the island every year, and the natives shoot many of them. At Miscou Point is one of the largest lighthouses in Canada with a light so powerful that it can be seen forty miles out to sea. During the migratory season many geese, attracted by the dazzling light, fly against it, and the keeper has often found dead in the morning three or four geese who had fatally dashed themselves against the glass.

It was not the season for the canning of lobsters but as we examined the spotless building, Father Machen told me much concerning the catching and canning of the crustacea; all of which was new to me. I had been always under the impression that the lobster had but one shell and that it grew with the fish, but I learned that during the first two years of the lobster's life he changes his shell about every two months. A substance like glue mixed with a kind of lime exudes from the very thick skin of the lobster and in a few days this mixture hardens into a

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new shell for him. In the third year of his life the shell is changed only four times. After this he changes his suit only once a year.

THE traps are made of laths and boards, and resemble somewhat a fruit crate, only they are larger, about four feet long and two feet deep, and rounded up from the flat bottom. They are on the same principle as a wire cage rat trap, with an entrance about six inches in diameter at each end. The lobsters enter the trap tail first, and once in the trap, are unable to leave it. Two men, who work together usually, set about three hundred traps. First, ropes, about two hundred feet long attached to floats, are placed about two miles from shore and from the ropes are tied snoods three fathoms apart. The traps are tied to the snoods and lowered from a boat into the water, then they sink to the bottom and rest there. The traps are raised once a day. Sometimes in each trap are found three or four or five lobsters; and a trap has been found to contain twenty. The catch varies from six hundred to one thousand. The fishermen bring their catch alive to the factories and are given nine cents a pound for them. If the fishermen use traps and gear belonging to the factory they receive only three cents a pound.

The lobsters while still alive are dumped into a large boiler with a capacity of seven thousand pounds and boiled for twenty minutes. Then they are removed, placed on large snow-white deal tables where they are broken and the flesh, taken from the claws and tail only, is removed and thoroughly washed in water, then pressed tightly into half-pound tins, covered and sealed either by hand or machine. The cans are then boiled for about two hours. Later the cans are scrubbed clean, labelled for market and placed in containers that hold ninety-six cans.

This industry gave work to a great number of the parishoners and was the most valuable asset of the parish. And notwithstanding the annual great harvest taken, the supply still kept up. This was accounted for by the large Government lobster hatchery at Shippegan Gully, capable of holding one hundred-and-forty-five million eggs.

That evening as I sat with the priest, he spoke to me very kindly of his people. How glad he was to be able to provide work for them so that they might not have to leave home for cities and towns. How quietly and peaceably they dwelt here, their religion coloring their every act. Then he spoke to me of their customs, how in the

spring the whole fleet of fishing boats from the whole surrounding country assemble at Shippegan for the priest, in stole and cope, to bless the vessels and pray for the success of the work. He also told me that as often as he passed bearing the Bread of Life to the dying, the people come to their doors, or leave their work in the field, and kneel reverently while the Christ passes.

I could go on at much greater length, but I think this article has now become long enough. There is just one thing I should like to mention, for I feel sure it will interest readers of THE SIGN, and it is The Phantom Ship. Father Machen with all sincerity and conviction told me that at different times he has seen The Phantom Ship. Different people have solemnly told me that they have seen her sailing up the bay. And this is the way Father Machen described her. A great square-rigged ship, under full sail sailing up the bay, all aflame—rigging, masts and hull—a man standing at the helm, while sailors run up and down the deck and climb the rigging. A man stands on the quarter-deck staring straight ahead with arm extended, seemingly giving orders. Then suddenly she disappears. I have heard many stories of ghosts and phantoms, but this was the first time I had met a person who had actually seen a phantom.

I REMAINED a few days longer with Father Machen, went with him on a sick call, saw the people kneeling along the road-side when they knew the errand of the priest, witnessed the deep faith of the household gathered round the sick man's bed as reverently he received Holy Viaticum. And whilst I waited for the priest after he had finished his sacred work, I was surprised to see a number of people from different houses come to him to have him bless their ailments. Some had rheumatism, others cuts or fractures; one or two had tooth-ache, and one was troubled with a shortness of breath. The priest put on his little purple stole and read prayers over some, from his little red-edged ritual. The others he just gave a simple blessing. And as in wonder I watched it all, these words of Scripture came to my mind, "He blessed them and sent them away." I say 'in wonder,' for I had never witnessed a similar demonstration of faith. The people did not ask simply for a blessing, but each one came forward and kneeling down said simply, "Father, will you please cure my side," or "my tooth," or whatever was the ailment.

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On our return journey I told the priest that I had never seen such a manifestation of faith, and when I asked him if they would be cured he said simply, "Very likely many of them will. I have seen so many wonders among them that I have long since ceased to be surprised when someone comes to me, cured, to make a Mass offering of thanksgiving. Their faith is great and many times God rewards it."

The last evening I passed at Miscou I was again sitting outside with the pastor talking over many things, charmed with the view of the sun-tipped hills of Gaspé far across the bay, when the priest made some remark concerning certain devotions he intended having which brought to my mind a little scene I had witnessed that last day

in Union City after the Editor had given me my assignment. When we drew near the Passionist church the doors of the edifice opened and slowly crowds began to pour forth from every door. It was an ordinary week day, Monday; there was no mission being conducted, just devotions to St. Gabriel, yet between twenty and thirty thousand persons were in attendance throughout the day.

Father Machen drew a long breath before making any comment. Then he said slowly, and I thought I noticed a look of longing in his eyes. "My," he said, "what a ministry! what a people!" Apparently he was quite unconscious of his own ministry, material as well as spiritual, to the simple folk of Miscou!

New Year's Gifts

BY SISTER MARY BENVENUTA, O.P.

"A whole long year of love, and all for Me!"
Small Jesus cries. "But, Dearest, dost Thou see
The toys I bring are broken here and there."
"My Blood has mended these and made them fair."
"But they are few to all I would have brought."
"What thou wouldst give is given in My thought.
Mary and Joseph take My broken toys,
And from the fragments fashion Me new joys,
Such drolleries of fresh humility
As make Me laugh and clap My hands to see."

Then spoke God's Mother, and her dear eyes
smiled

With gracious mirth at Love's divinest jest,
"Be of good heart; like many another child,
My Baby loves His broken toys the best."

—M. B

Mère Marie Eugénie

Foundress of the Daughters of the Assumption

ONE may be hazy—and probably most of us are on the moot subject of Relativity: but if experience teaches us anything at all, it is the mysterious certainty of the law of Action and Re-action. "The rhythm of life," Alice Meynell called it, with subtle suggestiveness; and it is as manifest in the history of the world as in the history of our own lives. Christianity in its young zeal and austerity conquering decadent Rome—the Renaissance with its increasing Paganism following the enormous Christian creativeness of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—the Oxford Movement revealing Catholicity to an England just emerging from the stolid unbelief of the eighteenth century—all of these are examples.

But perhaps in all modern history there is no more arresting example than that of France after the cataclysm of the Revolution: that radiant Christian reaction which gave us in literature Lamartine, Montalambert, Chateaubriand; and in spiritual works such heroic names as the Curé d'Ars, Frederic Ozonam, Monsignor Affre, Lacordaire, Ravignan or the Ratisbone brothers—Saint Madeline Sophie Barat, mother of the Sacred Heart Religious, Mère Marie Thérèse Couderc, apostle of the Cenacle; Pauline Jaricot, foundress of the Propagation of the Faith, and that Mère Marie Eugénie in whose strong but gentle hands were to rest the human destiny of the nuns of the Assumption, and whose story has recently been so admirably told by the dowager Lady Lovat.*

Growing up into a world still stained by blood, still convulsed by revolution, a world which, aving misprized so many precious things of humanity—love, religion, order, brotherhood—had been doomed to lose them, Eugénie was to feel early and passionately the need of making life over again in conformity with recaptured ideals.

She was born at Metz in the August of 1817, but her childhood was spent at the beautiful family chateau of Preisch in Luxembourg, for which her father was Receiver General. Both this father

KATHERINE BRÉGY

and her mother were "products of their age—the age of the Encyclopedists:" for while actual persecution of the Church had ceased, and France had settled into the peaceful compromise of the Napoleonic *Concordat*, respect for religion was too generally a surface thing—somewhat akin to the patronizing respect which people who have lived through much violence have for the police force. So up to her twelfth year Eugénie received just enough religious instruction to prepare her for making her First Communion, which seems to have been a sudden revelation of God's greatness and her own littleness, and a mysterious prophecy of future work for Him of Whom she knew almost nothing.

Otherwise her adolescence passed in pleasant secular ups and downs until she was about fifteen—when financial reverses transferred the little family to Paris. The sudden death of her mother from cholera in 1832, without the sacraments, left an unforgettable wound in the girl's nature, and undoubtedly was one of the channels through which religious yearning penetrated her heart. But the first actual stirrings of her future vocation seem to have been effected by Père Lacordaire, whose Lenten sermons in Notre Dame Eugénie heard during the spring of 1836. She called upon him and begged his advice; but beyond recommending her to wait, to pray and to read certain books, he would venture no direction.

One characteristically vivid thought he left with her, however: "Are you acquainted with the Order founded for the redemption of captives? It is that of men who, knowing that there were other men who were slaves, offered to sacrifice their liberty in order to rescue them. That is what the religious life consists in—it is the gift of oneself in order to save souls."

THE following year, in the magnetic Abbé Combalot, then preaching at St. Eustache, Eugénie found one all too willing to undertake her direction. In fact, almost from the first meeting, the zealous priest seems to have been convinced that this young girl was the chosen instrument to organize a society he had already conceived in honor of the Assumption and for the purpose of

*The Life of Mère Marie Eugénie Milleret de Boru. By Alice Lady Lovat. London: Sands & Co. Price: \$5.00. May be ordered through THE SIGN.

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giving a truly Christian education to other young girls of her class—than whom none needed it more urgently.

M. Combalot assured Eugénie it was God's will she should put herself completely under his guidance, and with characteristic confidence he disposed of the difficulties she ventured to suggest against undertaking the foundation of this yet unborn congregation. These difficulties were, chiefly, her youth and utter ignorance of the religious life, and the apparent need of her service and influence in her own depleted family. But after receiving the deferred graces of Confirmation she herself declared that her "vocation was fixed."

Left to the distractions of the unbelieving world about her and to the staggering possibilities of free will, she felt she should never be able to reach the full stature of Christian perfection to which she was called: but "the moment I put myself entirely in God's hands a profound peace comes over me which consoles me for everything." During the breathing space of a summer at Metz, Eugénie writes naively of escaping social invitations and of her room filled with books—including two Bibles. "I have no great taste for ascetical writings, but I have asked for the Spirit of St. Teresa," she confided to her director: "have a great admiration also for St. Paul, and should like to make him one of the special patrons of the work of the Assumption, whose object will be also to spread amongst women the treasures of the knowledge of Jesus Christ"

WISHING perhaps that the neophyte should be heroically "broken in" for future trials, the Abbé Combalot advised Eugénie to spend the winter in seclusion at a particularly austere convent of the Benedictines; but the next summer

her sweet reasonableness and the necessity of conciliating her justly alarmed family won his consent that she enter temporarily the Novitiate of the Visitandines at Côte Saint André. It is amusing and prophetic, too, to find the "eldest daughter of his hopes" writing sagely to M. Combalot about this time—"I am very much pleased, my dear Father, at the resolve you have made to cultivate the virtue of prudence!"

A rare combination of prudence and courage was one of the greatest strength of Eugénie's character. Both qualities were gently developed at the Visitation Convent, where also she received her initiation into the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas. "By her angelic piety, her equability, her pliability, her serenity of soul and self-forgetfulness, she was insensibly advancing toward that perfection of which St. Francis de Sales is the personification, and which is never reached without many struggles and consummate virtue," the Superior of Côte Saint André wrote later. But realizing that God destined Eugénie for "another mission," the wise nuns made no effort to keep this "rare treasure" for themselves.

Meanwhile M. Combalot, in the course of his mission work, was

singling out future subjects for the Assumption community with almost infallible intuition. After Eugénie, the first was a young penitent of his, Anastasie Bevier, who had already decided to enter a teaching order and who became that very capable educator, Sister Marie Augustine. The second was a remarkable young Irish girl then in Paris, Catherine O'Neill—who rather resented the impetuosity with which the indomitable Abbé chose her for the new community, but who, as Sister Thérèse Emmanuel, was to become one of its greatest glories and who may be rightly regarded as an associate foundress.



MERE MARIE EUGÉNIE
From a Painting by Sir John Lavery, R. A.

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In 1839 the little congregation of three members (soon to be increased to five) settled first at Meudon, then in a shabby old house—large enough, however, to include chapel and school—in the rue Vaugirard. Their life was one of real poverty (for as yet there was no income but the modest doweries of these young nuns) and austerity. They rose at four; their day was divided between prayer and solid study, conversation being allowed only at recreation. One evidence of their uncompromising and enlightened devotion was the early adoption of the Divine Office as part of the Rule.

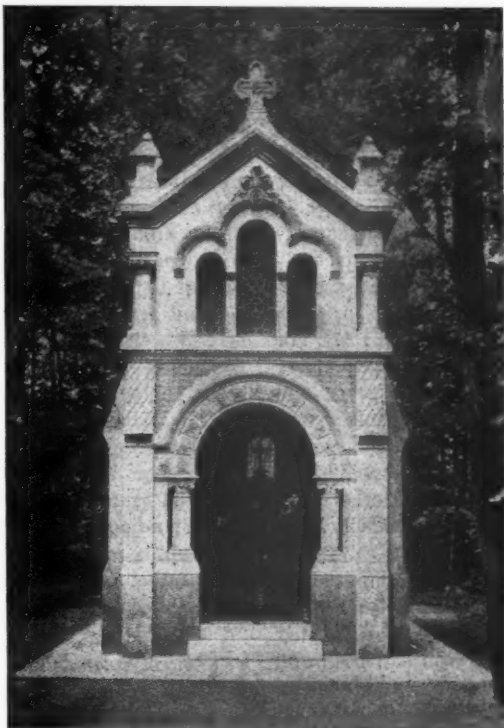
A charmingly tender side of M. Combalot's character is revealed in his letter, for he was obliged to be away from Paris, to the little group that first Christmas of 1839—begging them to mould the novitiate of the Assumption upon the cradle of Bethlehem rather than upon Calvary's ultimate cross. "The woundings, the crown of thorns, the desolation of the Garden of Gethsemane will not be wanting in the evening of the religious life," he wrote. "For the present take your rest with the Infant Jesus in the arms, on the lap, at the breast of the Blessed Mother."

How could he suspect that he was himself to be one of the sharpest thorns in his daughters' crown? It is impossible not to see how Providential a rôle this paradoxical priest played in inaugurating the work of the Assumption; yet it was scarcely launched before we find Mother Eugénie and other members of the community trembling for his lack of judgment.

MEANWHILE, by the somewhat exaggerated veneration offered him as their superior, they probably increased the faults of a holy but hot-headed man governed by no rules but his own.

The crucial test came in 1841, when he proposed first to send their Constitutions directly to Rome without the approval of the Archbishop of Paris, secondly to remove the community, under his sole direction, into Brittany. Mère Eugénie courageously objected to both of these moves, foreseeing how they would jeopardize the work; and M. Combalot, calling the nuns together, bade them choose between her guidance and his. They expressed unanimous confidence in their Mother Foundress—and indignantly, but with a not ungenerous letter commending them to the care of

Monseigneur Affre, the leader whose services were obviously finished, went from his daughters, never to return.



TOMB OF MÈRE MARIE EUGÉNIE AND MÈRE THÉRÈSE
EMMANUEL
Auteuil, France

"higher middle class"—rather than to enter an already established order, as she had wished.

Later on, writing to Père d'Alzon when he contemplated founding a similar order for young men, she enlarges still more boldly on this ideal of "secular knowledge and a Christian education." "What is it that coördinates the lessons that have been learned and seems to give them an object . . . in short, the reason for them? In one sense, it is a philosophy; in another sense, a wider one, it is a passion. That of faith, of love,

THE manner of his going was a grievous blow to Mère Eugénie, but scarcely to her work. Pupils whose parents found no grille to prejudice them and whose confidence was gradually captured by the devoted young teachers, had begun to arrive. In a letter to M. Gros, their newly appointed superior, she states simply and eloquently the reasons which had induced her, at the Abbé Combalot's suggestion, to found this new, uncloistered community which should bring a liberal Christian education to the daughters of the undevout nobility and

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of a realization of the law of Jesus Christ. . . . I am convinced that Catholics will only attain to that superiority which is necessary in order to triumph by a superiority of character imprinted in teachers and pupils by the aid of a passion which should animate them and a philosophy which should guide their footsteps." Beauty and strength of *character* were to be the final aim of the education they sought to impart; while the actual instruction must be broad and solid enough to fear no secular competition, its goal was Christian *culture* rather than mere *knowledge*.

THE removal of the convent in 1845 to Chaillot, near the Champs Elysées (and later on to Auteuil) indicates how both community and school had enlarged. All the best rooms were, as usual, given over to the pupils—who now included some of the most distinguished families in France—while the nuns continued to live in self-sacrifice and inconvenience. "But what joy and animation was there in this life of poverty!" wrote one of the novices later on: "The Assumption was then in its springtime. It was in truth the garden enclosed of the Spouse . . . The most venerable of the Mothers was barely thirty years of age, and was radiant with grace and beauty; indeed, the world hinted maliciously that in order to enter the Assumption it was necessary to be a woman of wit, and to be young and pretty. It was there that our dear Mother governed her little kingdom with the authority of a queen and the tenderness of a mother."

To this luminous account of community life she adds, "Sister Thérèse Emmanuel was our model." This was, of course, the high-spirited and high-souled Kate O'Neill, who had been one of M. Combalot's earliest recruits, and who as Mistress of Novices exerted an indelible influence on the congregation. The imperious girl, having given herself into captivity to Divine Love, seems literally to have known no other master, and was rewarded by an extraordinary spirit of prayer and even by ecstatic revelations. Believing that humility was the touchstone of a sound religious life, Mother Thérèse Emmanuel unflinchingly confided these revelations to her superiors, and her gifts were received as an outpouring of God's favor upon the community.

There were times when her mortifications would have caused anxiety to Mother Eugénie, had she not been so firmly persuaded of their supernatural source and of the fact that nature

was not really suffering from them. "I offer myself to Jesus and put myself in His hands like the bread which is put into the priest's hands for the holy Sacrifice" these words of Mother Thérèse Emmanuel in 1845 became the keynote of her life. If in the early days she set an almost impossibly high ideal of service, letters to her novices show how this was gradually tempered by sympathy, and later on she was to prove a wise and winning superior of the first house of the Assumption in England. Her death in 1888 was a severe loss to the community and grief to its foundress, to whom she had been (in the words of a contemporary churchman) as St. Paul to St. Peter.

Mother Marie Eugénie's own spiritual growth during these years is revealed in her letters to the Père d'Alzon, another rare and vital soul whose destiny was to be linked with her own. Emmanuel d'Alzon, born in 1810 of an honorable and devout family, early threw herself into what Montalambret called "the keen and holy fight of conscience," then calling so many of France's noblest to its depleted ranks. Laboring as Vicar General at Nîmes after his ordination in Rome, he had been one of the first to foresee the danger which his friend, the Abbé Combalot, might become to the infant community; and to him in her later trials Mère Eugénie appealed by letter. It was the beginning of a long and holy friendship, rich in fruit for both souls, and the young, harassed foundress found "joy and liberty" in his understanding if sometimes pitiless direction. It was not, to be sure, all joy, for she seems to have known the usual extremes of highly sensitized souls—alternate exaltation and desolation.

PERE d'Alzon labored as a saint to lead her utterly to God; if at times his direction tended to increase her tendency toward introspection and the contemplative life, necessity and her own good sense constantly readjusted the balance. After his decision to found an Assumption order for the education of young men, when his mortifications threatened its success and his own health, the rôle of director was gradually changed. She it was who rebuked his excessive asceticism, and we find the too-zealous apostle thanking her for her "sensible scoldings." But he—severe upon others, but always more severe upon himself—yielded too late to her gentle "mothering." The breakdown foreseen by his friends came; and after a still more serious one in 1856, entailing the failure of his college, it was Mère Eugénie

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who helped to comfort the broken worker and rehabilitate his work.

But Père d'Alzon's passion for projects persisted, so that when a few years later he launched a missionary enterprise demanding Sisters for the Near East, she was obliged to refuse coöperation. For the second time, Mother Marie Eugénie, who so longed for obedience, was forced into independence of her chosen director. But one is glad the consequent breach was only temporary, and that the spiritual union which both felt "a great power" in their lives was strong when, in 1880, death came to end the disappointments of Emmanuel d'Alzon's career.

DOUBTLESS it was Mère Eugénie's blending of high spirituality and executive power which forced upon her that doubtful blessing of standing—with God's grace—alone. The work she had so wisely founded was scarcely shaken by the Revolution of 1848, which cost the life of the saintly primate of Paris, Monseigneur Affre. It was only temporarily interrupted by the calamity of the Franco-Prussian war. Gradually, like a flock of doves, the convents of the Assumption spread upon all sides: to Sedan, Bordeaux, Lyons, Poitiers, Rheims, St. Dizier, Nice, Lourdes—to Richmond and London—to Madrid, St. Sebastian, Malaga—to Rome and Genoa—to South America and the Philippines—finally, in 1921, to Philadelphia, the first nest within the United States. For these and the other holy women who toiled to restore Christian education in post-Revolutionary France were to reap harvests a hundred fold. Having sought first the Kingdom of God, all things were added unto them.

But the price of spiritual success is rarely any other than crucifixion: and from the year 1888, when the chrism of Papal Approbation was finally placed upon the Assumption Work, its foundress found the Stations of her *Via Crucis* following close upon one another. That same year brought the loss of her devoted friend and coadjutor, Mère Thérèse Emmanuel. And in 1893, after a visit to the Italian foundations and a consoling interview with the learned and holy Leo XIII, Mère Eugénie suffered the first touch of paralysis. The blight continued to permeate insidiously both body and memory, so that by another year the community felt it necessary to ask her resignation from office. She replied with her usual grace, and with small sign of the cost, requesting that Marie Celestine be appointed Vicar.

And on leaving the chapter room, she was heard to murmur, "*Je n'ai plus qu'à être bonne maintenant.*"

Only to be good now . . . with the burden of work and responsibility fallen upon other shoulders—only to consecrate herself more and more to the love which is the other half of all wisdom. Years before, Mère Eugénie had written: "It appears to me that God asks only one virtue of me, which is love. I must have recourse to the gravity and silence of love only, in order that my instinct of activity may become purified or laid to rest." Earlier still, in the very dawntime of her vocation, she had declared, "Shut up in myself, my egotism would be concentrated on three or four persons; now the world is not large enough to contain my love" . . . The infirmarian who cared for her during the increasing silence and darkness of those final years wrote that her life was "made up of prayer and obedience." She was achieving the heroism of endurance—often so much more painful than the heroism of action—until that March of 1908 when, surrounded by the daughters she had given to Mary of the Assumption, sped by the sacraments of the Church she had served with such intelligent devotion, she took her own ultimate flight to freedom and to God.

The King's Trouvère

BY HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.

Trouvère, what is the song you sing?

I fashion a song to delight my king.

Your king? Oh, tell of his golden throne!

I saw a cross on a hill of stone.

Sing of the crown upon his head!

I saw but a thorn-crown all blood-red.

Trouvère, sing of his garments fine!

A red rag covered this king of mine.

Trouvère, where is this king's domain?

I quest it over the world in vain.

Trouvère, a fool is the king you claim!

And yet if "GOD" were perchance His name?

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of a realization of the law of Jesus Christ. . . . I am convinced that Catholics will only attain to that superiority which is necessary in order to triumph by a superiority of character imprinted in teachers and pupils by the aid of a passion which should animate them and a philosophy which should guide their footsteps." Beauty and strength of *character* were to be the final aim of the education they sought to impart; while the actual instruction must be broad and solid enough to fear no secular competition, its goal was Christian *culture* rather than mere *knowledge*.

THE removal of the convent in 1845 to Chaillot, near the Champs Elysées (and later on to Auteuil) indicates how both community and school had enlarged. All the best rooms were, as usual, given over to the pupils—who now included some of the most distinguished families in France—while the nuns continued to live in self-sacrifice and inconvenience. "But what joy and animation was there in this life of poverty!" wrote one of the novices later on: "The Assumption was then in its springtime. It was in truth the garden enclosed of the Spouse . . . The most venerable of the Mothers was barely thirty years of age, and was radiant with grace and beauty; indeed, the world hinted maliciously that in order to enter the Assumption it was necessary to be a woman of wit, and to be young and pretty. It was there that our dear Mother governed her little kingdom with the authority of a queen and the tenderness of a mother."

To this luminous account of community life she adds, "Sister Therèse Emmanuel was our model." This was, of course, the high-spirited and high-souled Kate O'Neill, who had been one of M. Combalot's earliest recruits, and who as Mistress of Novices exerted an indelible influence on the congregation. The imperious girl, having given herself into captivity to Divine Love, seems literally to have known no other master, and was rewarded by an extraordinary spirit of prayer and even by ecstatic revelations. Believing that humility was the touchstone of a sound religious life, Mother Therèse Emmanuel unfailingly confided these revelations to her superiors, and her gifts were received as an outpouring of God's favor upon the community.

There were times when her mortifications would have caused anxiety to Mother Eugénie, had she not been so firmly persuaded of their supernatural source and of the fact that nature

was not really suffering from them. "I offer myself to Jesus and put myself in His hands like the bread which is put into the priest's hands for the holy Sacrifice" these words of Mother Therèse Emmanuel in 1845 became the keynote of her life. If in the early days she set an almost impossibly high ideal of service, letters to her novices show how this was gradually tempered by sympathy, and later on she was to prove a wise and winning superior of the first house of the Assumption in England. Her death in 1888 was a severe loss to the community and grief to its foundress, to whom she had been (in the words of a contemporary churchman) as St. Paul to St. Peter.

Mother Marie Eugénie's own spiritual growth during these years is revealed in her letters to the Père d'Alzon, another rare and vital soul whose destiny was to be linked with her own. Emmanuel d'Alzon, born in 1810 of an honorable and devout family, early threw herself into what Montalambret called "the keen and holy fight of conscience," then calling so many of France's noblest to its depleted ranks. Laboring as Vicar General at Nîmes after his ordination in Rome, he had been one of the first to foresee the danger which his friend, the Abbé Combalot, might become to the infant community; and to him in her later trials Mère Eugénie appealed by letter. It was the beginning of a long and holy friendship, rich in fruit for both souls, and the young, harassed foundress found "joy and liberty" in his understanding if sometimes pitiless direction. It was not, to be sure, all joy, for she seems to have known the usual extremes of highly sensitized souls—alternate exaltation and desolation.

PERE d'Alzon labored as a saint to lead her utterly to God; if at times his direction tended to increase her tendency toward introspection and the contemplative life, necessity and her own good sense constantly readjusted the balance. After his decision to found an Assumption order for the education of young men, when his mortifications threatened its success and his own health, the rôle of director was gradually changed. She it was who rebuked his excessive asceticism, and we find the too-zealous apostle thanking her for her "sensible scoldings." But he—severe upon others, but always more severe upon himself—yielded too late to her gentle "mothering." The breakdown foreseen by his friends came; and after a still more serious one in 1856, entailing the failure of his college, it was Mère Eugénie

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who helped to comfort the broken worker and rehabilitate his work.

But Père d'Alzon's passion for projects persisted, so that when a few years later he launched a missionary enterprise demanding Sisters for the Near East, she was obliged to refuse coöperation. For the second time, Mother Marie Eugénie, who so longed for obedience, was forced into independence of her chosen director. But one is glad the consequent breach was only temporary, and that the spiritual union which both felt "a great power" in their lives was strong when, in 1880, death came to end the disappointments of Emmanuel d'Alzon's career.

DOUBTLESS it was Mère Eugénie's blending of high spirituality and executive power which forced upon her that doubtful blessing of standing—with God's grace—alone. The work she had so wisely founded was scarcely shaken by the Revolution of 1848, which cost the life of the saintly primate of Paris, Monseigneur Affre. It was only temporarily interrupted by the calamity of the Franco-Prussian war. Gradually, like a flock of doves, the convents of the Assumption spread upon all sides: to Sedan, Bordeaux, Lyons, Poitiers, Rheims, St. Dizier, Nice, Lourdes—to Richmond and London—to Madrid, St. Sebastian, Malaga—to Rome and Genoa—to South America and the Philippines—finally, in 1921, to Philadelphia, the first nest within the United States. For these and the other holy women who toiled to restore Christian education in post-Revolutionary France were to reap harvests a hundred fold. Having sought first the Kingdom of God, all things were added unto them.

But the price of spiritual success is rarely any other than crucifixion: and from the year 1888, when the chrism of Papal Approbation was finally placed upon the Assumption Work, its foundress found the Stations of her *Via Crucis* following close upon one another. That same year brought the loss of her devoted friend and coadjutor, Mère Thérèse Emmanuel. And in 1893, after a visit to the Italian foundations and a consoling interview with the learned and holy Leo XIII, Mère Eugénie suffered the first touch of paralysis. The blight continued to permeate insidiously both body and memory, so that by another year the community felt it necessary to ask her resignation from office. She replied with her usual grace, and with small sign of the cost, requesting that Marie Celestine be appointed Vicar.

And on leaving the chapter room, she was heard to murmur, "*Je n'ai plus qu'à être bonne maintenant.*"

Only to be good now . . . with the burden of work and responsibility fallen upon other shoulders—only to consecrate herself more and more to the love which is the other half of all wisdom. Years before, Mère Eugénie had written: "It appears to me that God asks only one virtue of me, which is love. I must have recourse to the gravity and silence of love only, in order that my instinct of activity may become purified or laid to rest." Earlier still, in the very dawn of her vocation, she had declared, "Shut up in myself, my egotism would be concentrated on three or four persons; now the world is not large enough to contain my love" . . . The infirmarian who cared for her during the increasing silence and darkness of those final years wrote that her life was "made up of prayer and obedience." She was achieving the heroism of endurance—often so much more painful than the heroism of action—until that March of 1908 when, surrounded by the daughters she had given to Mary of the Assumption, sped by the sacraments of the Church she had served with such intelligent devotion, she took her own ultimate flight to freedom and to God.

The King's Trouvère

BY HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.

Trouvère, what is the song you sing?
I fashion a song to delight my king.

Your king? Oh, tell of his golden throne!
I saw a cross on a hill of stone.

Sing of the crown upon his head!
I saw but a thorn-crown all blood-red.

Trouvère, sing of his garments fine!
A red rag covered this king of mine.

Trouvère, where is this king's domain?
I quest it over the world in vain.

Trouvère, a fool is the king you claim!
And yet if "GOD" were perchance His name?

Passionist Chinese Mission Society

MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL BENEFACTORS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING SPIRITUAL BENEFITS:

While Living: One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts:

Jan. 1, The Circumcision	Aug. 25, St. Bartholomew
Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus	Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary
Feb. 2, Purification of Mary	Sept. 22, St. Matthew
Feb. 22, St. Matthias	Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude
May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross	Dec. 21, St. Thomas
July 25, St. James	Dec. 26, St. Stephen
	Dec. 28, St. John, Evangelist

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The Passionist Missionaries

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OUR JUNIOR READERS



The Complexes of Wee Isobel

BY MARY DODGE TENEyCK

NOTE FOR JUNIORS: Children as well as grown-ups have always had peculiar traits making them either annoying or lovable to others—traits that need to be cultivated or disciplined. These traits are now dignified with the name "complexes."

EVEN her very best friend was often sorely tried by Mrs. Crance. And all because of wee Isobel. Not that the friend, Mrs. Guider, wasn't fond of wee Isobel. The little girl was really very winning when free from analyzing or discussion of her four-year-old complexes. But seldom did she have the opportunity with her mother present to pursue childish ways in a natural manner.

"Isobel is certainly bright," declared Mrs. Guider in a meek tone, because of her friend's fluent predominance, "and adorable, if—"

But Mrs. Crance did not allow her to finish. The two women were leaving the hospital after a visit with a sick friend. Isobel, confident of comparative freedom in Mrs. Guider's presence, scampered on ahead.

"Isobel is brilliant," admitted her mother, "and I believe in letting her find herself unrestrainedly. That increases intellectual development—"

"And wilfulness." Mrs. Guider's personal opinion was expressed in the same soft voice.

"—and has enabled her to become the observant, reliant, enterprising child she is now. Of course she needs a certain amount of mild guidance and is usually tolerant of discipline."

"Occasionally, anyway," Mrs. Guider's lips quivered a little.

Wee Isobel skipped along the sidewalk. "I find Mommey's car," she called. She was a wisp of a thing, entirely too ethereal to be under so much and such heavy discussions. Fortunate child, too, if her baby mind did not become abnormal with forced development. The little one danced up to a grey-bodied sedan. "Here's Mommey's car.

Get in, Auntie Guider, 'n' let Isobel in!"

"See, always polite, a perfect little lady!" Mrs. Crance continued.

They came abreast of the grey car. Still expatiating, Mrs. Crance mechanically opened the door. Auntie Guider lifted wee Isobel in and ensconced herself in the back seat with that exemplified child. Mrs. Crance took the wheel.

"Even now Isobel knows the key which unlocks the gear. Which is it, darling? No, no, not that! No, no, why Isobel! ! Yes, lover, that's the key!"

But it did not seem to be. Mrs. Crance looked again. It was apparent that with three guesses Isobel had not happened upon the right key. Her mother tried another and another then returned to Isobel's suggestion. She put it in the lock again. No action whatever.

"That's strange, what can be the matter?" Mrs. Crance persisted but the key and lock were not on communicable terms.

"Dere's Doctor Hamilton!" exclaimed Isobel, recognizing an old friend "H'lo, Doctor?"

"Hello little lady, and Good Afternoon bigger ladies!" the Doctor smiled.

"We's having trouble," announced Isobel, "tan you help us, Doctor?"

Mrs. Crance smiled appreciatively. "There's the woman of her, Doctor, pressing a man into service!"

"By all means, what can I do for you?" he asked them all.

"Isobel or her mother mixed up the lock and key to their car, and we cannot start," Mrs. Guider explained.

Mrs. Crance slid over and Doctor Hamilton took her place. He tried also unsuccessfully. "Guess the trouble is deeper set," he decided.

"At the garage the men tooked the car apart. Isobel watched 'em once," said the child leaning over the seat.

"She saw them lift the carpet, take up the floor and unscrew the lock, and I guess her suggestion

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is good," urged Isobel's mother, not without a touch of pride.

"Have you a screw-driver?" asked the Doctor.

Mrs. Crance feared not, so Doctor Hamilton good-naturedly walked a block for his own. It seemed like a rather lengthy task. Mrs. Guider and wee Isobel got out of the car, because of the former's desire to be inconspicuous. Mrs. Crance remained with the Doctor. He had quite a time. The carpet came easily, but the floor seemed to be riveted. The physician was a strong man, but beads of perspiration dampened his brow. It was a hot day, too. He removed his hat, then his coat, with apologies. These were scarcely heard in the midst of Mrs. Crance's own apologies for his trouble interspersed with references to her one child. Fortunately the Doctor loved Isobel for her own pretty self. Finally the floor loosened a little.

MRS. GUIDER and Isobel found the sun was hot but feared the shade would be hotter for the Doctor. Well might he regret his rôle of Good Samaritan! Looking back they saw him still struggling. Mrs. Crance was quiet now through embarrassment. Her hands clasped and unclasped.

"Let me call a garage man," she pleaded.

But Doctor Hamilton was no one to stop with a half finished operation, physical or mechanical. Both women knew he had but a quarter of an hour now to snatch a bite of lunch before a major operation. Their friend in the hospital had informed them of the surgeon's schedule.

Wee Isobel was always her charming baby self with Auntie Guider. Suddenly the little one stopped and pointed a tiny finger to a grey sedan parked by the curb. Her mouth opened and shut wordlessly, her blue eyes dancing with merriment. Laughter choked her. Mrs. Guider looked, then stared, with very different emotions. This car was the same make as the Crance auto, the same color, with the letters "F. J. C." inscribed on the door.

"Daddy's 'nitals, 'n' Daddy's car!" cried Isobel.

Mrs. Guider stared harder. "Are you sure, Isobel?" She herself looked in. Isobel tiptoed until her upturned nose was just above the window.

"Course I is! See my tiny doll? My, I forgot Ammabelle! Let me please have her, Auntie Guider?"

In rather a bit of dismay Mrs. Guider put Isobel's tiny doll into her arms. Certainly this was the Crance sedan, but whose car had been torn up?

"I wun back and tell Mommey and Doctor," suggested Isobel, her curls flying as she skipped away.

Usually Mrs. Guider obliged herself to face situations, but this time she played the coward. It was far easier to have wee Isobel pave the way for such benumbing news. The child shrieked it as she ran along.

"O Mommey, O Doctor, that isn't Daddy's car! Daddy's car down the street!"

Mrs. Guider saw the Doctor suddenly brace and Mrs. Crance as suddenly collapse. She felt sorry for her friend, when her fuller sympathy certainly should have been for the chivalrous Doctor. Both were silently, astoundedly listening to Isobel. Mrs. Guider hurried up to them.

"What—what does the child mean? Is—she—correct?" begged Mrs. Crance.

"Unfortunately, yes. Your car is half way down the block, with several marks of identification on it, such as contents, initials, correct lock for your key." Mrs. Guider could not resist the last.

"O Doctor, what can I say, but that I am so sorry?" Mrs. Crance's contrition was sincere; even the physician realized that.

"How did you happen to make the discovery?" he asked Mrs. Guider.

"I didn't. Isobel noticed—" began Mrs. Guider, but the little one's mother interrupted.

"Wonderful, isn't she? Such powers of observation! I train Isobel to notice, reason, then feel sure of her own judgment. Praiseworthy, too, that she seldom fails to acknowledge her mistakes, simply and cheerfully. I believe in listening respectfully, even following her dictates when possible—. Oh, cannot I help you, Doctor?"

DECLINING with thanks the physician continued readjusting his wrecking job. Being a gentleman he smiled, though rather a forced smile. Wee Isobel, as is the wont with children, had forgotten or shifted all responsibility to her elders, and was happily showering attentions on neglected "Ammabelle." Mrs. Guider answered a gleam in the physician's eye by a flicker of her own. Tacitly both appreciated that the child's mother was quite incurable of her chronic obsession. Devoutly, though, Mrs. Guider hoped that the traits

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of Isobel's sensible father would crop out in his daughter and make her a splendid woman in spite of her mother and her own varied four-year-old complexes.

Daddy Sen Fu's Own

MY DEAR JUNIORS:—You know how everybody says to everybody "Happy New Year" on New Year's Day. The world rings with the great message "Happy New Year." The waves on the shore, the gales over the sea, seem to roar a joyous message—"Happy New Year."

All men and all countries understand it. It is universal.

What does it mean? To many people not so much. To some it is the last year that they shall live. When next New Year comes around they will have passed away, and every New Year afterwards they will seem to drift further and further away from our memories. They may not know this, however, some suspect it, perhaps, others feel that it might be so for them. If they really knew, "Happy New Year" would seem to them to be a scornful mockery.

Suppose we really did know, my dear Juniors, just exactly what was going to happen to our friends, and should greet them accordingly. To many we should have to say "Unhappy New Year." And if they asked us what we meant we would reply, "Why, you will have a New Year of Sickness, or Poverty, or Accident, or Failure in School or Business, or Loss of Sight, or Loss of Money, or worse still Loss of Father, Mother, Brother, Sister or Friend."

These are great evils, and we are accustomed to think of them as so. These things will happen to many people, and to Juniors like yourselves. We do not know now just when, of course, or to whom they will happen, but believe me, they will happen. Perhaps to you. Who knows? Certainly not Daddy Sen Fu.

I think I hear some juniors saying "Gee, what a mournful old Daddy Sen Fu! I suppose he sits brooding over a fire, stroking his beard and sadly shaking his pig-tail. Why can't he be happy like everybody else?"

Well, Daddy Sen Fu is always very happy, and thinks life should always be happy and pleasant, especially for juniors. And Daddy Sen Fu has no pigtail.

Now, listen, Juniors! Suppose we knew that this was to be the last year of our lives (perhaps it is, God knows), we should wish to make it as happy and pleasant as possible for ourselves, wouldn't we? We would not only like to have all the nice clothes and toys and books possible, but would like to have plenty of money and good health and every possible kind of happiness. This is only natural. But suppose we had all these things, what use would they be to us when we did have to die, as we could not take them with us and use them afterwards. We could only use them a very short time, a year at most. Then we should have nothing.

Well, what is there that we can have that will make us happy here, and that we can take with us beyond the grave? We can take a record of good and kind deeds done here on earth to those who needed them. The memory of kind deeds lives for ever, they thrill the soul of the hearer, they fire the heart of the receiver with love and gratitude. We can all, even the youngest of us, do many kind deeds for those who need them. We can indeed do a kind deed for our dear Savior by helping in some way to save souls for which He died. God has promised that those who save a soul for Him will shine for ever like gleaming stars in the firmament of His glory.

If we knew we were going to die this year, we should probably try to do something for God, wouldn't we, perhaps try to save even one soul? Surely! Very well, then, since God is very good, and has probably intended to give us long life, what is there to stop us from trying to do something for Him every year, some little act of love and gratitude or kindness, trying to save or help to save even one soul, *every year of our lives until the last year comes.*

We should do something for God, every year, if we value life in His beautiful world here just because He lets us go on living, and we did not die last year. Now what can we do for God this year? Poor old 1926 is dead now, and baby 1927 is hollering joyfully. We know that one long, strong, good pull wins the tug-of-war. Can we give one long, strong, good pull together to pull the soul of a poor pagan out of the clutches of the old devil? Why, sure we can.

Where is this to be done? In far-off China, where our missionaries are. They have their work to do, and they have sworn to do it for Christ, come weal or woe, come rain or shine. What is their work? It is to save souls for

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Christ. These souls have a right to be saved for they were redeemed by the Precious Blood of Christ shed for them as for us on Calvary. Our missionaries are the soldiers of the Passion of Christ and they must fight the demon of Paganism with the sword of truth. Let us fight with them.

"What," somebody says, "are you asking us to become missionaries, and go to China to convert souls? We are too young to become missionaries and besides we don't think even if we were grown up we should have a vocation to be missionaries. We don't care very much for the Chinaman at the best, and we certainly would not like to go and live in China! Now, what do you mean, Daddy Sen Fu?"

Just this, Juniors. You can fight right here with our missionaries in China against the demons of ignorance and Paganism without ever leaving America, or becoming a missionary. You can supply the ammunition to the soldiers in the firing line and help them thus to win the war of the Gospel of Christ. Can't you?

What is the ammunition needed? Simply plain ordinary MONEY—checks, bills, half dollars, quarters and dimes. Money supplies some of the needs of the missionaries, it enables us to supply the missionaries too, so to speak. Will you send us a little money?

If this were our last year on earth, we should probably be glad to give a little money to help to save even one soul. But supposing it is not our last and there are many years ahead of us yet, we can give some money more cheerfully since we feel that it is not the last money we shall ever have or be able to give. No offering is too small. God blessed the widow who gave a mite. A mite is a very small thing, so small that we keep mites in boxes to prevent them being lost.

This reminds me of our Bobby Mite Box which you can have free if you write for it and save spare coins in it for the Passionist missionaries in China. Don't forget the address, Daddy Sen Fu, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey. Will you fill up a mite box to start 1927? If you do, 1927 will be a Happy New Year for our Passionist missionaries and for you too, dear Juniors. Since God does not let the gift of a cup of cold water in His name go unrewarded, it will be a Happy New Year.

May God grant you all a Happy New Year.
Affectionately yours,

DADDY SEN FU.

To the Christ-Child

BY WINIFRED A. FEELY

Dear Holy Child my *heart* so poor
I will bring to Thee today.
Fill it with love that shall endure
To serve in Thy sweet way.

My *feet* which wilfully do stray
Away from Thy sweet Grace,
I wish to give to Thee today
To strengthen for life's race.

These restless *hands* I bring as well
To feel Thy soothing touch,
May they from now by actions tell,
My wish to love Thee much.

Make these my *eyes* as pure as Thine,
For heavenly things to see,
From now they are no longer mine
But look to serve just Thee.

May from my *tongue* dear Holy Child,
Fall words of praise for You,
My speech like Your's be meek
and mild

And pure as heaven's dew.

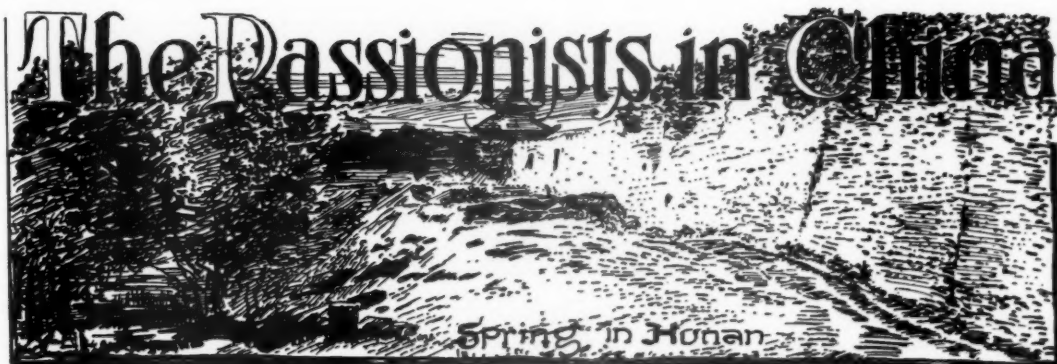
I place my *Soul* within Your Heart
Christ-Child Who lived for me!
Teach me on earth to do my part,
Till Death leads me to Thee!

Relief Greatly Needed

From Hunan comes this dispatch:

Word has just come of the awful state of the country around Changteh. As you know they had famine there last year from drought and the relief sent was far from sufficient. It caused the hearts of the workers to bleed as they saw so many poor people and so little to give them. This year all looked forward with joy of heart at the bright prospect of a harvest. The people say that not for many years has there been such a flood as this one. One Missionary who was out in famine relief reports that he saw five corpses floating in one garden and as he passed over the river in a sampan four corpses floated by the boat on the river. At Changteh they took in ninety corpses found floating down the river. Five miles below Changteh they took in over 300. Many more were drowned in Changteh and many left homeless. . . . What can the future be?

We might well ask ourselves in the words of the newspaper: "What can the future be? Unless God grants us quick aid there is every sign of a bitter winter amidst a starving, homeless and army-ridden people. We hope our many friends will pray God to send us relief.



A Rare Event at Wuki

BY DUNSTAN THOMAS, C.P.

IT WOULD not be true to say that the people of Wuki have found the fountain of perpetual youth. It would not be fair to say that people never die in Wuki. But the climatic conditions are such that when someone does die it is looked upon as a rare event. This is due to the fact that this Mission is situated in a wholesome country district where the people are industrious and provident.

As a matter of fact only two Christians have died since I came to this Mission. One was Joseph Lee, a young married man. The other was Theresa Shiang. The funeral of Theresa is worth describing; so I'll tell you about it. The Lee funeral was a very quiet affair and all went smoothly. There was nothing extraordinary about it except that it was an "event" in Wuki as are all funerals. But the Shiang funeral—that's different.

There was plenty of excitement connected with Theresa's death and burial. The main cause of all happened to be poor Theresa's pagan aunt.

Theresa had been ailing for quite some time. It did not take an expert's eye to discern the symptoms of tuberculosis in their very last stages. Her family tried all kinds of medicine. We knew

that there was no medicine for her except medicine of the soul, which I can assure you was not lacking.

The Chinese always blame a lingering sickness on the devil. No matter what the sickness is, it is always the devil's work, according to their notions. In the case of Theresa he was blamed with interfering with the circulation of the blood. Whereupon Theresa's pagan aunt, who was supposed to have a very effective remedy for cases like this, was called upon to do her best.

Theresa, at that time, was far past all help and spent her days in bed. That made no difference to the aunt. Theresa was hurried to the house of the aunt. When I had found this out I immediately ordered that she be returned to her own home. The aunt was frightened by my demand and forthwith returned the sick girl to her own home. But that did not mean that she had given in or was conquered.

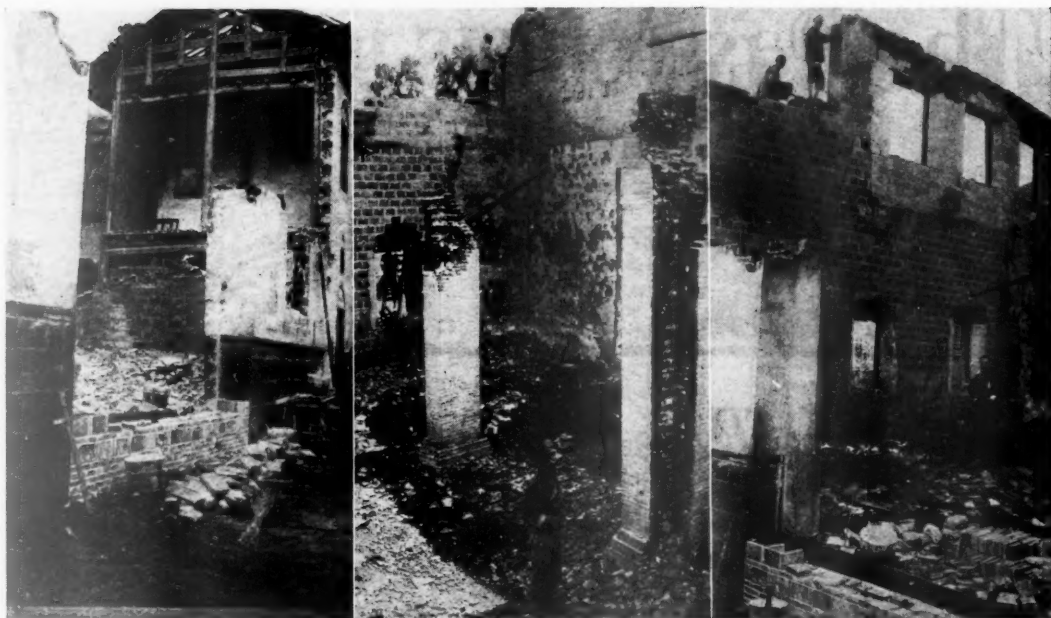
Theresa was home only a short time when it became evident that her very hours were numbered. I administered the Sacraments for the last time. Within a few days Theresa had passed to her eternal reward.

The real trouble with auntie now begins. On the evening of the death all the pagan relatives of the dead girl were present in the Shiang home. I sent my catechist and my Mass server to the house to find out just what was going on. Sure enough all the preparations were being made for a pagan funeral. There were the pagan priests, the pousahs, the gongs, the fiddlers and the mourners—all fixed for an all-night session of wild incantations and meaningless ceremonies.

I knew just what it all meant. Many a time have I been kept awake by such affairs in Shenchow when the mock crying and the beating of gongs made it impossible to sleep.

The catechist saw at a glance that the pagan aunt had taken charge and fully intended to have a pagan funeral. He did not intend to let her get away with it as easily as all that. She had to cross swords with him first! There was much arguing and finally angry words flew thick and fast. Auntie completely lost her dignity. She actually bit the catechist's hand and aimed for his nose but merely bit his lip. Finally the catechist thought he had taken about enough of this beating. He rushed to the kitchen and came back with a large

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RUINS OF FATHER RAPHAEL'S MISSION AT PAOTSING, DESTROYED BY FIRE

carving knife. Auntie quickly regained her dignity and common sense as well. It was just as well that she did because the catechist was rather nervous.

During the argument the pagan priests and the hired mourners made a hasty exit. It was two A. M. when Dominic, the catechist, returned to give me the history of the whole affair.

The funeral was to be the next morning or rather later that same day. The Shiang home is situated on a high hill far away from the Mission. It was necessary, therefore, to say Mass in the home of the deceased and hold the funeral from that house. The pagan relatives were all there, including the excitable auntie. The funeral found her quite a subdued lady. She saw the Senn Fu, Father Dunstan, there and knew that her little act was over. I dare say it was the first time she and the other pagan relatives ever witnessed a Christian funeral.

The funeral itself was a very

modest one. There were no fire-crackers and no display. Only two mourners accompanied the body to the grave and these were hired mourners and being well trained in this particular occupation they shed copious tears. They sang the virtues of the deceased, wailed, moaned and shrieked about the loss of their dear friend. But as the funeral neared the grave their manner suddenly changed. In perfectly controlled tones and without the least trace of sadness they called for benches on which to rest the coffin. They then staged one more extraordinary spasm of heartbroken grief. When the coffin actually reached the grave they had disappeared—perhaps to hasten to another tearful job.

I read the customary prayers at the grave, gave the last blessing and started for home. On my way I chanced to pass a house where our "heartbroken" mourners were regaling themselves with laughter and loud talking. Such is professional sorrow China!

The Chinese are superstitious to a surprising degree. Mishaps and general misfortune are invariably blamed on the devil. But Satan also gets credit for the successes and good things that come into their lives. Such superstition holds stronger sway in the open country than in the cities, because the farming people are a simpler and more ignorant class. If Chinese are coming home late at night they will sing at the top of their voices in order to scare away the evil. The noise gives them courage. When a person is dying a special bed is prepared for the sick one, it being considered abhorrent to die on an ordinary bed where someone might be sitting on his spirit after death. When a baby is dying all doors must be closed to keep the devil out.

A city funeral is always an elaborate affair. "Face" plays a great part. The main street is sure to be included in the route taken by the funeral cortege. The attention of all is attracted to

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the funeral by the blowing of dismal horns. In some of our Missions there have been times when our funerals also included main street. It is only fair to the Church to let the Chinese see just how the Catholics conduct a funeral.

The Chinese are known as stoics. But they really feel true sorrow in times of death. Often the Missionary finds it hard to restrain his own tears so heartbroken do the members of the family appear. If an only son dies the parents often weep until their eyes are twice their normal size. Of course there is much mock sorrow. But this does not mean that there is no real grief. There is. I have seen strong fervent men break down completely in their grief.

Custom, of course, has a large part to play. It fixes certain rules for the wife of a deceased husband. She must spend at least a day in weeping. This holds whether she loved the man or not.

She would lose big "face" if she broke the custom.

I have often seen poor mothers sitting by the wayside grave of their son, weeping in heartbroken grief at the loss. Poor creatures! They do not know about the Catholic doctrine of one day being reunited with their loved ones in heaven. May God give them all the true Faith!

As you look at the picture below you must feel some sympathy for these poor famine victims. Thank God that you are not as they. Show your gratitude to God for your own health and happiness by giving something for the relief of the thousands of starving people. God Himself will reward you for what you do to help these unfortunate sufferers.

Yuanchow

The Marriage of Father Tim's Boy

By QUENTIN OLWELL, C.P.

IT is a long time since the first public wedding took place here in our chapel in Yuanchow. The truth is that I have never sent an account of it to THE SIGN and now that there is nothing but famine and war to write about I thought this little description written almost two years ago might please your readers.

For this wedding there were almost unheard of and certainly most exacting preparations. A "Triangle" would name the case nicely, but not the brand all too frequently featured in the American newspapers. The man in the case was and is our own good Father Tim's "boy."



A GROUP OF FAMINE VICTIMS—ONLY A FEW OF THE MANY STARVING!

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SOME DEVIL DANCERS IN FESTIVE COSTUME

About four years ago in the early days of this Mission, a girl who had studied our doctrine liked it and was most anxious to be baptised. As her mother was still a pagan (her father was dead) she could not be baptised. For unless the parents enter the Church the children cannot be received.

There was only one way out of the difficulty for the young lady in question and that was for her to become espoused to a Christian. There was then no hope of the mother entering the Church. The girl's desire was so great that she induced her mother to pledge her to a Christian and the lucky lad was no other than Father Tim's "boy." The boy's people thought they would have the marriage that same year. When the girl heard about this she immediately and emphatically refused to marry. She gave

as her reason that she had given her life to her newly found Lord and Master Jesus Christ. She had taken her religion seriously and had studied every book she could get. In her heart grew this desire to be as perfect a Christian as possible. The culmination of her desire was the resolution to become a Sister.

To appreciate the state of affairs when she took this stand, one must remember that the espousals of the Chinese are almost as sacred as the marriage itself. What could we do? Marriage needs the consent of both the parties interested. Here was one of the parties explicitly and emphatically refusing that consent. She was a Christian and we had to see to it that the laws of the Church were observed. Father Timothy spoke to her and put a long list of questions to her in order to test her. He even per-

mitted himself to speak against her stand. She remained firm in her determination.

Then came the big task—to have the espousals broken. Well, to make a long story short, after much prayer and diplomacy the feat was performed. So thoroughly were the espousals broken that within a month or two Father Tim's boy was settled down as the husband of another girl.

The least interested parties in a Chinese marriage are the most interested ones. The man and woman to be married have not a word to say about the affair. The parents arrange everything. Up to the day of the marriage the two to enter wedlock may never have spoken to each other and, in many cases, have not even seen each other. In quick order, then, we learned that the boy was engaged again and was to be married as soon as possible. We set the date for Easter Monday.

The day after Easter found a real holiday crowd at the Mission. Our chapel was taxed to capacity. Father Timothy said Mass and performed the ceremonies. To do the latter was no small job. When he tried to get the couple to join hands I thought for a moment that the bride was going to refuse. Even to have them kneel next to each other required much persuasion and effort. The Chinese are not keen on external manifestation of affection. The sexes are kept pretty well separated. This is particularly true of the unmarried.

Finally Father Tim put them through their parts satisfactorily. I then went out to get a picture of the "happy" couple. Again, more persuasion and effort to get them to stand together.

The make-up of the bride was gorgeous. I think she wore at least twelve different dresses and each one was of a different color. The Chinese women wear trousers. The day they are married the bride must wear a skirt. This was the first time this girl had

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even worn a dress. She certainly looked and acted that way. When she tried to walk or kneel or rise from kneeling I was afraid she would trip and fall. That would have been nothing short of a catastrophe. The lattice work over her face and the crown upon her head are treasured heirlooms. They are used by generation after generation. If she had fallen and broken some of this finery I do not know whether we would have escaped with our lives. Happily all is well that ends well.

Father Dunstan writes:

Uki has had a resident priest for two years. There are many articles that the priest needs for the altar. Just now I am getting along with my Mass kit vestments. They are beginning to show the inevitable signs of wear. For candle-sticks I am using bottles covered with paper. It is impossible to have Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament because we have no cope, veil, censor, or monstrance. The Christians often ask me: "Sen Fu, are we going to have Benediction soon?" I always answer "Yes, when St. Joseph inspires some good readers of THE SIGN to provide us with all that we need." If you are a friend of St. Joseph, here is a chance to spread devotion to him. When all things that I need arrive, the Christians will repay their benefactors with their prayers, and the benefactors shall have the good Saint's blessing upon you.

With the exception of our seminary in Shenchow, this is the only Mission we have under the patronage of good St. Joseph. I have much for which to be thankful to him. I attribute my continued good health to him. Think what it would mean to me to get sick—all alone and away from even first-aid.

Hankow

Some News from the War Zone

BY CORMAC SHANAHAN, C.P.

GREETINGS from the war zone. Wuchang was taken by the Cantonese Reds last Sunday as no doubt America knows long before this. I am convinced that but a very tame report ever reaches the American papers. We found out yesterday that even here in Hankow, which is just across the river from the besieged city, news

of the military activities in Wuchang is greatly distorted and minimized.

Yesterday Brother O'Donahue, an Irish Christian Brother, came over to the Passionist Procuration to see and greet the new arrivals. He is a thin, worn man after his forty days of fasting at their college in Wuchang. He was, as he said, glad to get away from the stench within the walled city of Wuchang. "Let me tell you, Father, it is ten times worse than any smell I have ever experienced and more than likely many times worse than any other I shall ever experience in China! The dead are scattered all along the streets. Along the less fre-



UP AND DOWN THE ENTRANCE TO A REGULAR CHINESE STREET

Conditions in Shenchow

From Shenchow our Sisters of Charity write: It is impossible to describe conditions here. Thousands are sick, starving and dying. Thanks be to God much has been done for their relief by our Mission. We have never seen human beings in such a pitiable state as they have been here during the past year and especially during the past two months. If our kindhearted benefactors could watch for one minute at our gate they would realize what their offerings mean to us and to these poor afflicted creatures. Indeed they would be more anxious to help us who depend on their offerings to enable us to reach their souls through famine relief. Many, many souls have been sent to heaven where they will remember those who helped to bring them eternal bliss.

The following are clippings from a Chinese newspaper. They will give the readers of THE SIGN some idea of conditions in Hunan.

"The military situation in West Hunan is a mystery. . . . It is said that 40,000 soldiers are on the way from Kweichow to Hunan. . . . These soldiers are making the famine situation much worse. The price of a picul of rice is \$45.00 and of wheat \$40.00. No grain can be bought on the street and suffering is very great.

Many women have thrown their children into the river and drowned them. Yesterday an official told me that the soldiers had killed a bandit and only after five minutes he was cut to pieces by suffering women and taken home to be eaten. At least a hundred are dying from starvation in this district every day. The smell of the dying and dead ones in the street is unbearable. . . .

The city itself is fasting as for weeks we have had nothing but heavy rain. Many rice-fields have been totally destroyed. We need sunshine or the harvest will again be a failure. We are so far inland that the grain sent us by the famine relief committee is always coming too late."

quented road near our College the corpses are piled high since there is no place in the city where they can be buried. There would not be coffins enough for all. Most of these dead have died of starvation. It might have been even worse had the enemy's guns been powerful enough to reach the interior of the city from the Hanyang Hills. However on a Sunday morning, when according to all reports the siege of the city was over, a Red aeroplane circled over the city and flying low dropped a bomb directly in the centre of the court of the combined Missions of the Franciscan Fathers and the Christian Brothers. A six-foot gauge remains to tell the tale. Thanks be to God

no one was killed. It was surely the protection of Providence.

For the last thirteen days Brother O'Donahue and Father Maurice, O.F.M., and all at their Missions had been living on a little rice with very few vegetables. The soldiers of the city and even their General were compelled to live on one meal a day consisting of some disgusting Chinese appetite cure. The only dog in town now is the one that belongs to Father Leo, O.F.M. Add to this the fact that the water supply was exhausted and you can form some idea of conditions as they really are.

We were given a wonderful reception when we landed here at Hankow. Our own Brethren

here at present were overjoyed at our arrival. I shall never forget the moment when Father Raphael's big, soft beard buried my face! The Franciscans likewise gave us a hearty welcome. This latter reception was but a duplicate of the one accorded us by the Franciscans at Shanghai where we met five of the Fathers from the Cincinnati Province. We roomed, boarded and chummed with them for over a week during our stay at Shanghai. They are certainly fine men who know how to exercise the Charity of Christ. In spite of the untoward conditions they were all looking forward with great eagerness to their arrival at the Mission in Wuchang.

We are hoping and praying that conditions here change for the better soon. We ourselves are anxious to start on the last lap of our journey to Shenchow. Monsignor Dominic has left us in order to investigate the road ahead and satisfy himself that it is safe for travel. We heard that just before our arrival fourteen aerial bombs were dropped around our Procuration here. Thanks be to God our building suffered no damage.

Father Celestine tells us that in the Red army now threatening our territory there are two thousand Cantonese girls. Each one is armed with a knife and a revolver. These girls go through the villages that have been captured and preach the Soviet doctrine. With each regiment of a thousand men there are ten Russian officers. Just as one of our Fathers remarked recently: "When one reads of the Mexican policy and knows conditions in China, one cannot help wondering if both these persecutions of the Church were not hatched in the same nest—Russia!"

We are all well and happy after our long journey and pray God to grant us safe travel into Hunan. The sooner we arrive there the more we will be pleased. Please pray for us.

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Pushih

Another Narrow Escape

BY CYPRIAN FRANK, C. P.

THE following is a copy of a letter of Father Cyprian, C. P., sent to Father William Westhoven, C. P., at our Mission in Luki. It is interesting, not only in the fact that it relates, but more so because of the cheerful spirit manifested by one who escaped what might have proved to be his death. Thus it is with all those heroic followers of Christ Crucified. Personal dangers are accounted as so many joys when encountered in their work of saving souls.

Dear Father William:

Do not be surprised to learn from this letter that I am now in Chenki. Yesterday I had to shake my legs at the rate of forty-five miles an hour after getting only a mile and a half from Pushih.

I was on my way back to

Pushih. Father Ernest had arrived the day before at our Chenki Mission and is still waiting here until his convoy arrives. So I started back to Pushih.

On my boat were the cook, my servor, myself and two merchants. We were surrounded front and back by bandits. The bandits themselves were in boats. Besides they had some of their number on both banks of the river. On the left bank I saw two bandits and on the right bank I could count ten or fifteen. It did not take me long to choose the left bank for a chance to make a get-away. Once on land I immediately got busy with my feet on a rather extraordinarily fast sprint. The two robbers on the bank ran with us. The merchants also tried for a record. My cook made an excellent coach for this healthy sport. We ran ahead of the two merchants in a zig-zag line through the hills and fields. The two bandits and the two merchants could not make the pace so they stayed behind to enjoy each other's company. One of the merchants carried a large roll of cloth (quite a handicap in such a race even though it was worth over \$100.00).

The other carried a large amount of money. That was all they attempted to carry away from the boat. I might add that they did not have to carry even this much very far. The bandits are very kind that way.

Well I left about \$40.00 worth of canned goods, coffee, etc., on the boat and some cloth worth about \$13.50. I had just finished some shopping in Chenki. The boat-man himself was a bandit and got away with these goods.

The poor merchants were further pursued by a dozen knifemen but succeeded in getting away by hiding in a crevice in the rocks until dark. It was after midnight when they finally reached Chenki.

Another Supu man who was coming upstream from Pushih was unwilling to part with his money to the bandits. He had just received payment for his tea crop and certainly did not want to lose it. The same bandits that chased me got him. They stabbed him through the leg and in the back. We saw him some time later in Chenki and he will probably die of the wounds.

My loss is something over fifty dollars. My gain is a healthy escape and good practice in sprinting. I am glad I escaped and thankful that I did not lose more.



STARVED AND IN RAGS. NOTE THE BABY'S EXPRESSION

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THE Holy Year Indulgence began on the Feast of the Assumption and continued for three days. All Christians from Uki and the environs numbering 110 came to Mass on the Feast of the Assumption. Eighty-four persons received Holy Communion at the Mass. I was kept busy in the confessional on Saturday evening from eight o'clock until eleven.

Since my Christians are all hard working people many of them could not make the three days' visitation to the chapel. Of course, they enjoyed a dispensation. On Monday I had twenty-nine Communion and on Tuesday I had thirty-four. These three days of celebration were three days of jubilation to the Missionary. It was certainly most consoling to witness so many at the communion rail and I can assure you that I felt amply compensated for the labor expended in founding this Mission.

At each Mass during these three days appropriate sermons were preached. On the Feast of the Assumption the Christians were exhorted to honor Mary and to call upon her in times of temptation that she might lift them up in their weakness. I tried to bring home to them her great power over Satan. You know all Chinese fear the devil. On Monday the Christians again assembled for Mass. I spoke to them on the excellence of Holy Communion and the necessity of re-

Holy Year

BY DUNSTAN THOMAS, C.P.

ceiving the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ worthily and frequently. On Tuesday I recalled to their minds the great good they had done for their souls during these three days. I admonished them to cherish always the remembrance of the first Holy Year Indulgence ever gained in Uki. I further reminded them that they could gain another indulgence at Christmas.

No feast is perfect in China without external celebration. The interior of the little chapel had

been transformed into a veritable fairy-like paradise. Gaily colored paper chains extended from the picture of our Blessed Mother above the altar to the rear of the chapel. Wild ferns adorned the altar. We borrowed four artistic lanterns which we lighted each evening and they contributed much to the adornment of the chapel. The exterior of the entrance was beautified with an elaborate arch, while eight pillars holding up the overhanging roof, were decorated with scrolls all bearing some text indicative of our devotion to the Blessed Mother. At night this arch was lighted from under the exterior covering, and the candles thus illuminating the work made a very pretty sight, especially when viewed from a distance.

When the last visit had been made to the chapel after Mass on the Feast of the Assumption a salvo of fire-crackers was fired and this was considerably deepened by the boom of cannon. This noise continued for fifteen minutes. Then dinner was served to all. The women and children were served first.

Among the hundred and ten Christians there were many children and adults who have not as yet received full instructions in the Faith. Please God, Uki will soon have a building where Christian doctrine can be taught and where persons can be appropriately prepared for their first reception of the Sacraments.

Gemma's League

The following prayers and good works were offered for the missions in China during July.

Masses said	2
Masses heard	6,343
Holy Communion	5,146
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	23,170
Spiritual Communion	75,028
Benediction Services	3,211
Sacrifices and Sufferings	191,117
Stations of the Cross	3,390
Visits to the Crucifix	24,412
Beads of the Five Wounds	2,185
Offerings of P. P. Blood	121,529
Visits to Our Lady	9,528
Rosaries	40,312
Beads of Seven Dolours	2,254
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,483,042
Hours of Study, Reading	11,043
Hours of Labor	19,182
Acts of Kindness, Charity	53,997
Acts of Zeal	34,804
Prayers, Devotions	189,926
Various Works	78,144
Hours of Silence	849

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Ec.i 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

RT. REV. MCHAE L J. HOBAN
RT. REV. JAMES DAVIS
SISTER M. JAMARIA
SISTER MARY SYLVES-
TER KENNEDY
SISTER M. CUNIBERTA
SISTER M. CRISPINA

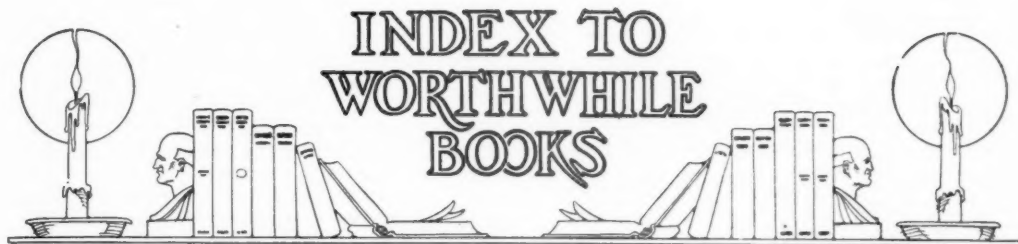
MRS. JOHN F. LEARY
MRS. CHARITY VANDER
WYST
LEON PALLARDY
JOSEPH J. TUOHY
THOMAS KELLY
DOMINICK PATTON
WINIFRED KELLY
JANE PATTON
FRANK REILLY
REGENIA COCHRAN
PATRICK REILLY
MR. KNIERIEHM
THOMAS REILLY
IGNATIUS CONJURA
JOSEPH A. WERMUTH

JAMES CLARK
FRANK THURM
KATE A. BRENNAN
ADELAIDE HUTH-
MACHER
THOMAS B. ROONEY
JOHN SMITH
DENNIS MURPHY
JOSEPH HANLON
FRANCES CYMANSKY
TIMOTHY CROWLEY
ETHEL M. HICKEY
THOMAS A. RYAN
ROBERT HORNEY
JOHN WILSON
FREDERICK HOFFMAN

ISABELLA HORNEY
MARY CLARK
WILLIAM HOFFMAN
LUDWIG HOFFMAN
AUGUST HOFFMAN
ELIZABETH HOFFMAN

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.



FIDELIS OF THE CROSS, James Kent Stone. By Walter George Smith and Helen Grace Smith, New York, G. P. Putnam Sons. Price: \$5.00.

This is a handsome volume—worthy of the life it portrays. It was begun by one of the most cultured Americans of our day, the Hon. Walter George Smith. Midway, it was interrupted by his untimely death. His sister, Miss Helen Grace Smith, her brother's equal in literary ability and finesse of character, completed the work. Gifted themselves, and of a family that deserves well of America and the Church, these two writers could give a fascinating account of a great American, an athlete, a soldier, a man of letters, an ornament of the Episcopal Church, a convert to Rome, and a Passionist missionary.

He was a friend of the Kilby Smith family, and the friendship was mutual. It was strong, helpful and constant. The writers knew Father Fidelis intimately. They knew his heart, his attitudes, his manifold sacrifices for conscience and truth. And because they fully understood him, they have done justice to an heroic life and charming character. He was beautifully human and they were sympathetic. They had the high regard of his family and early friends. His extant letters and papers were cheerfully placed at their disposal. In this biography they have saved from oblivion what his humility and self-effacement would veil from posterity.

James Kent Stone, later known as Father Fidelis of the Cross, Passionist, was a New Englander. His father was the Rev. Dr. John Seely Stone, Episcopalian rector of churches in Brooklyn, N. Y., and Brookline, Mass., and subsequently dean of the New Theological School at Cambridge. On his mother's side he was the grandson of Chancellor James Kent, famous as the author of "Kent's Commentaries." He was the eldest of the family and his mother's favorite. They were lovers to the end. There is hardly anything finer in our language than the letters of the son to his mother. They are here published for the first time.

Young Stone was educated in America and Europe. He possessed unusual grace of manner and a handsome personality. He had marvelous powers of eloquence and a magnetic charm. But he shunned notoriety and sought retirement. This often amazed his friends and sometimes annoyed them. His biographers now give the secret of it.

He had always been ready to embrace truth wherever found and he had ever prayed to the Holy Ghost for grace to do so. And the grace came to him as it came to St. Paul on the Damascus road. "The truth came like a flash," he says. The hand

of God drew the veil from his heart, and he saw that what he had hitherto opposed was not the "Catholic faith but fictions of the carnal imagination."

In "The Passionists: Sketches Historical and Personal," the Rev. Felix Ward, C. P., says: "In the life of Father Fidelis is much that is so sweet and delicate it cannot be told without formal leave from him." At that date Father Fidelis was still living. But now his biographers give the story of his early life with such nice tact that it enhances the charm of their narrative and the reader is able to form an estimate of his sacrifice and the abiding pain of it for fifty years. Truly he had the spirit of the early Martyrs! After fifty years his daughters came to know how really great and holy he was. Reconciliation followed. When the end of his life drew near, Our Lady, as Father Fidelis claimed, brought his children back to him. The narrative reads like a romance.

The authors could not do justice to this great Passionist and portray the loveliness of his character without recounting his relations with their immediate family and the inspiration given their brother, Theodore Dehon Smith, who became Father Maurice, C. P. Like Father Fidelis in loyalty to conscience and in the spirit of self-sacrifice he died a hero's death in the Argentine whither he went to emulate his friend whom he called the Newman of America.

"Fidelis of the Cross" is a book which we most highly commend to our readers. In it they will find a soul of this twentieth century who imitated the hiddenness and severity of the Fathers of the Desert; who gladly forsook a life of creature comfort; and thought it gain to live dead to the world, its ambitions and its calls.

LIFE OF MÈRE EUGÉNIE MILLERET DE BROU. Foundress of the Assumption Nuns. By Alice, Lady Lovat, with a preface by Cardinal Bourne. illustrated. London: Sands & Company. Germantown, Pa., the Assumption Convent School. Price: \$5.00.

The name of Alice, Lady Lovat, the translator of this educationally interesting and inspiring "Life," is in itself assurance of the type of biography which we are to expect; for Lady Lovat, able and most discerning herself, finds delight in giving to English readers the life stories of women of rare ability and distinction. Witness her Life of St. Teresa some years ago, and the new and fascinating "Life of Mère Eugénie Milleret de Brou," the Foundress of the Assumption Nuns.

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The appeal of the present volume to educators will lie in the very principles of the Foundation of this now well-established and admirably constituted order, for though a departure at the time of its inception, this ideal of education is now a well recognized principle of modern child-training: "Instruction," according to Mère Milleret de Brou, "which shall teach the children to think and how to will"—tending to an independence of thought and action which can never confuse liberty with license. "What I value is not simply knowledge," she says, "but what uplifts the mind and gives it the capacity of forming high ideas."

Herself a noble and charming girl, born at a time when "a smattering of philosophy and science stood for solid learning and knowledge, and which looked upon anything like authority in Christian dogma as an exploded idea born of the days when the intellect was still in leading strings," Mère Eugénie was singularly blessed by a glowing faith in God; and knowing well the consolations to be derived therefrom, felt her vocation to be the spreading of this faith and knowledge to the children of her time. How truly her vocation was of God and how perfect her correspondence with grace, is evidenced by the difficulties which she successfully surmounted and the ever-increasing success of her Order, now known and revered for its influence and example in France, Spain, England, Africa, the Philippines and, latterly, in the United States, where a foundation at Germantown, Pa., preserves and strengthens the traditions of the Order, developing in its charges "... faith, love of the Church, of purity and Christian Doctrine."

As "spiritual reading," Lady Lovat's book, with its copious quotations and citations from the life of the Foundress, her directors and associates, will prove a delight to the intellect and a satisfaction to the soul.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA. By Paul Van Dyke, Pyne Professor of History at Princeton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price: \$3.50.

Professor Van Dyke offers a painstaking study of a very much discussed saint. He approaches his subject in an unbiased spirit of historical research. The result is quite satisfactory. Saint Ignatius is delineated according to the estimates of those who knew him best. He is shorn of all that unsubstantial, accumulated glory which excessive admirers have put upon him—a process, by the way, which cannot but detract from his real and proved sanctity in the estimation of unemotional but prudent men. A saint is not less a saint if the truth be told about him. In the choice of an exalted ideal and the attainment of that ideal through fire and water is found the real cause of heroic spirituality and self-conquest. The very existence of human infirmities in saintly men and women,—the patient endurance of these infirmities, if physical; the constant struggle against them, if moral, serve but to convince the mind that after all they have much in common with us, their uncommon but imitable quality being their everlasting determination to correct what is correctable, thus forming the image of Jesus in their particular lives.

We feel that the author has succeeded well in the task he has set himself to accomplish. He has in the main looked at Ignatius with a calm eye, an open mind, and even a reverential spirit. The portrait of

the illustrious founder of the Company of Jesus is drawn from sources which alone are capable of conveying a true idea of his moral stature—reliable contemporary and quasi-contemporary historians. The very list of biographical and historical works consulted by Professor Van Dyke is an index to the author's scrupulous fairness of treatment.

The work of a professed Protestant, this life of one of the world's greatest men, and the Church's greatest saints, merits the attention and thoughtful study of all those interested, both friend and foe, in the life and work of Ignatius Loyola. The excellent index is worthy of special praise.

THE SERAPHIC HIGHWAY. By Rev. Fulgence Meyer, O. F. M. St. Anthony's Messenger, Cincinnati, O. Price: \$1.00. **THE DIALOGUE OF ST. CATHERINE OF SIENNA.** Translated by Algar Thorold. Price: \$4.25. Benziger Bros., New York.

The Third Order of St. Francis is one of the grandest institutions of its kind in the Catholic Church. Its members are numbered in hundreds of thousands. The recent convention of the Third Order on the seven hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Francis focussed the attention of the faithful on this wonderful lay organization which affords those whose vocation is in the world an excellent means for the attainment of high sanctity. These talks on the Third Order are clear explanations and persuasive arguments to labor for a closer imitation of the Seraphic Saint, in order thereby to become more like Christ. Directors of tertiaries will find these discourses helpful in preparing their monthly addresses. The reading of the same will be instructive to members of the order, and enlightening to those who are seeking information.

St. Catherine of Sienna is one of the outstanding characters of the middle ages. Her dialogue treating of the supernatural life is a classic among mystical writings. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of this dialogue is the fact that it was dictated to her secretaries while the Siennese mystic was in ecstasy. It is composed of four treatises—two short ones on Divine Providence and Obedience; two lengthy ones on Discretion and Prayer. It is very surprising that a book of this nature would leave the hands of the publisher without an imprimatur.

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Stocks and Bonds . . .	1,296,633.01
First Mortgages on Real Estate . .	2,125,747.85
Loans and Notes Purchased . . .	1,318,985.43
Cash on Hand and in Banks . . .	288,584.32
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Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	83,001.00
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OUR representative has called at the Brunswick Laundry, 220 Tonnelle Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., and made a thorough inspection of the Largest Laundry in America. He was astonished to find cleanliness and sanitation brought to perfection; he has found over 600 Employees, cheerful, healthy and satisfied with their jobs, their pay and their employers. Patrons are always invited to visit this large plant and see for themselves the process of washing and ironing. The Brunswick Laundry's policy has always been fair play to all employees and customers. We gladly recommend this firm to our readers.

Christmas Gifts

What shall we give? As a rule we don't worry much about what we are to receive at Christmas. But we do worry about what we are to give. We are afraid that we may overlook someone, or that our gift will not be appropriate or acceptable.

In making out the list of those to whom you will give presents, don't overlook our Lord Himself. It's His birthday, and He should not be forgotten. You can honor Him and remember Him by helping those famine-stricken in China whose dire poverty recalls the poverty of the Infant Christ.

Whatever you give in Christ's name will be acceptable to Him. He is so big that He can stoop to receive the smallest favor. Just send your gift to The Passionist Missionaries, care of The Sign, Union City, N. J., and it shall be forwarded to China at once.

Would You? Of course, you would! What I mean is this: If you had been living in Bethlehem on the first Christmas Eve you would gladly have given food and shelter to Joseph, and Mary with the unborn Christ. They were strangers; and their poverty concealed their greatness. To all appearances they were nobodies. Yet what a privilege to have housed Joseph and Mary! Surely someone lost a glorious opportunity of befriending the Infant Christ when He so sorely needed a bit of ordinary human kindness!



Photo from Ben Hur

THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR THEM IN THE INN

Will you give something—anything—for the relief of the famine victims of our mission district in China. To us they are strangers. But they are known to Christ, redeemed by His Blood. Their very poverty brings them into closer resemblance to Him, and gives us an opportunity of doing Him a personal service, since He regards as done for Himself whatever we do for these His least brethren. Please send your donations at once to: The Passionist Missionaries, care of The Sign, Union City, N. J.

Will You?

